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JUNE 22, 1946





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Land of the TORREONES

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

Without a guide the expedition sets off on the great adventure.

MIKE BRONSON, young archaeologist, upset arrangements at the dinner-party given by MR. BOBBS, president of the International Copper Company, and his daughter KELSEY.

Arriving late, he is completely absorbed in samples of mineral ore given to him by BIG-NOSE KELLY, an old prospector, who talks of finding them in the unexplored country of the Torreones.

Tests confirm suspicions that the ore contains molybdenum. Mr. Bobbs decides to finance an expedition, led by Bronson, with Kelly as guide. Kelsey insists upon going with the party, in spite of antagonism and warnings of danger from Bronson.

While Bronson is discussing arrangements with Kelly, Kelsey passes with PETE SKILLMAN, who belongs to a rival company, and fears that he overheard Bronson.

Kelsey is outstandingly beautiful, but is never seen without dark glasses, a practice not understood by even her father.

Plans are nearly completed when the news reaches them that Kelly has disappeared. They suspect he is being held by Skillman's men, and Bronson goes to search for him.

Now read on.

RINGING the bell beside the door of the Bobbs' apartment, Mike Bronson waited for someone to admit him. The expression on his face was stubborn rather than determined, and he was ill at ease—a state of mind which was inevitable to a young man who had reached a conclusion and was about to make a declaration of which his auditors would not approve.

Mr. Bobbs opened the door, said "Hello, Mike," and made way for him to enter. "Any news?" Mr. Bobbs asked.

"I traced Kelly all over town," Mike said. "He ended up in a dump down by the railroad which I— which I was reluctant to enter. He was drunk and those men from the Potosi Mining Company were getting him drunker. They went out together." Mike lifted his shoulders. "From then, nothing."

Before Bobbs could make any re-

joinder, Mike took a breath, figuratively lowered his head and charged blindly. "I'm resigning," he said.

"You're doing what?" demanded Bobbs.

"Quitting," said Mike.

"Why?"

"Torreones," said Mike, as if that explained everything.

"I don't know what you're talking about," retorted Bobbs. "Make sense."

"Who built them—if they exist?"

Mike explained by asking a question. "What strange people, coming from where, erected a kind of structure unknown to any hitherto discovered culture of the South-west? It could be a discovery of—of vital importance. It could be the most tremendous archaeological find ever made on this continent!" Mike's eyes glared with the enthusiasm of a fanatic.

"Granted," said Bobbs indulgently.

"But what has it to do with quitting your job?"

"I'm going to find them," Mike said. "I have money enough. I don't seem to spend money, so it accumulates." This seemed to be a mysterious phenomenon to Mike. "I have quite a lot—enough to finance the expedition."

"To find these torreones?" asked Bobbs.

"Precisely."

"But what," Bobbs asked, "about molybdenite? It's a vital mineral, you know."

"Why," said Mike, "I'll look round for that, too."

"In your spare time?" asked Bobbs ironically.

Kelsey Bobbs, dressed again for riding, came through her bedroom door and stood peering at Mike through her dark lenses.

"Mike is quitting us, Kelsey," said her father.

"Am I supposed to collapse?" she asked.

"It would," said Mike, "have been very nice if you had collapsed some time ago. I mean before Skillman found out about Big-Nose Kelly and kidnapped him. And before you decided to—to—to—to frustrate the expedition by intruding your presence upon it."

"Did he say 'frustrate'?" asked Kelsey, lifting her brows at her father.

"He said 'frustrate,'" replied Mr. Bobbs.

"His choice of words is superb," said Kelsey.

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Kelsey, hidden in shadow, saw a man with a monocle supervising the work.

Pinch Me If I'm Dreaming

By FREDERICK LAING

AS the train pulled into the station the window darkened and became a mirror, and for the tenth time he was startled at the sight of his own face. He grinned, and wondered once more what Margie would think when she saw him. She was probably meeting him at the station.

Well, he'd written her what to expect. The fellows in their gang couldn't call him Battle Nose any more. He had a nose now like one of those Greeks in the history books he and Margie used to look at together in school. He'd told her that. It was a laugh. But when they'd first brought him into the base hospital and he'd learned what the butt end of a rifle had done to him it hadn't been funny, and he'd been glad he hadn't asked her to marry him at the last minute. He almost had.

And now, as it turned out, he was as good as new. Better, in fact, with the new straight nose, instead of the broken one he'd had ever since he'd bumped into some big boy's knee when he was playing football. He'd grown up with it, a nose blunted like a prizefighter's, and they'd called him Battle Nose Bill.

There was one thing he was going to get settled during his three weeks' leave, he told himself. He wasn't going to waste any time about asking Margie to marry him. Not if she still loved him, as she said in her last letter.

He saw her as he stepped off the train. She was looking vaguely in his direction. She didn't smile until he called her a second time, then she came running to meet him halfway.

When she got up close to him she stopped dead still. He wanted to kiss her. In a town like this you didn't usually kiss a girl at the station unless . . .

He put his arms round her and kissed her hard.

She drew away and looked up at him. Her hand half-reached out to his face and stopped.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Why, Bill," she said, "you . . . you're beautiful!"

He grinned. "No kidding?"

She took his arm and they walked over to where he could see his mother standing by the car. He could feel Margie's eyes on his face, looking at his profile as he walked.

His mother held him at arm's length and looked at him. It was all there in her eyes, the worry that had been and the relief. But when she spoke she said: "Land sakes, you don't look like anybody in our family now."

"Never mind, Mum," he said. "Margie likes the new nose. That makes it okay."

When Margie spoke she sounded nervous. "He always had nice eyes and a wonderful smile. But now . . . why I guess there isn't a girl that wouldn't . . . wouldn't fall for him." The last words barely came out.

"Will you girls stop talking about me?" he said. "How about letting me drive the car, Mum?"

But Margie had started a funny idea going round in his head. That nifty girl that lived a few houses down on their street. Marianne Wilson. He'd had a crush on her once, for about two weeks. That was how long it took him to realise that she'd never be able to see him for dust. It would be funny if she could meet him now and . . . Don't be a fool, William, he told himself. He almost went through a stop signal and jammed on the brakes. "Every time I go away for a while they put up new traffic lights."

"That's not the only new thing we have in this town," his mother said.



"Look at this," Bill screamed, holding out the paper.

"Has Margie told you about our artist?"

"Artist?" he repeated.

"Mr. Farnsworth," Margie said.

"I wrote you . . ."

"Oh, yes, the man you did that posing for."

"He's been painting pictures of Glenwood," his mother said, "putting us on the map. He says it's the ideal American town."

"We didn't need anybody to tell us that," he said.

"He's taken over the old Travers garage on Elm Street, and fixed it up for a studio," his mother went on. "He says Margie has beautiful coloring."

"We didn't need anybody to tell us that either," Bill said. "Say, how old is he?"

"Why, Bill?" Margie said. "Mr. Farnsworth is . . . he's in his forties. I believe you were jealous for a minute."

"I still am," he said.

But he wasn't really. That was one thing about Margie. You knew where you stood with her. She wasn't the belle of the town like . . . like Marianne Wilson, for instance, out to see how many men she could put on her string.

His mother let them off at the corner and took the car to finish some shopping. Margie was having dinner with them. They walked together down the tree-lined street and he was looking round for familiar faces.

The old lady who lived across the way walked past without recognising him. And then he was looking at those three girls standing by the gate at Wilson's place. One of them was Marianne and the other two . . . why they were her kid sisters, grown up practically overnight.

Marianne looked right at him as he was about to pass. And the way she was looking . . . She never looked at him like that before.

He said, "Hi, Marianne."

Her eyes widened. "Why . . . why, hello, Sergeant," she said.

"The name," he told her, "is Bill. I'm Mrs. Harvey's little boy."

"Bill Harvey?" she said, startled. "I didn't . . . Why, you're the boy who used to live . . ."

He saw her staring and didn't tell her a thing. "Your two sisters, they've sprouted like morning glories."

"But morning glories fold up at night," one of them said.

He answered her with the first silly words that came into his mind. "We all do, don't we?"

"Not us," she told him pertly. "Not to-night anyway. We're having a party."

Marianne laughed. "Sue, you're a brat." But she looked pleased when she said, "You're invited, Bill."



Sunshine and Calm Seas

The Netherlands Merchant Navy, throughout the dark and stormy years of war, wrote stirring pages into its history, carrying munitions, supplies and comforts to our troops in the S.W. Pacific and serving the Allied Cause on the Seven Seas.

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The RIDDLE of the BLACK MUSEUM

All but Hildegarde were in the dark

HUBERT HOLCOMB, Esq., lay on his back in a cleared space at the far end of the long, narrow cellar room, beyond the lines of shelves with their dusty, grim exhibits.

The flash-bulbs exploded almost in his face, but Holcomb did not mind. He did not even blink, for he had been dead since early that afternoon. Between two and three, the assistant medical examiner thought.

There were a number of plain-clothesmen around the body. Inspector Oscar Piper surveyed the remains without visible enthusiasm. Then he looked carefully all around on the stone floor, not that he expected to find anything. But it was up to the skipper of the Homicide Squad to act as if he knew what he was doing. Besides, it gave him time to think.

But there didn't seem to be any clues. Nothing that is, except the long rope of cunningly woven fine black silk which was still looped once around the dead man's neck, the ends extending for more than four feet in either direction.

The inspector relighted his dead cigar and said, "Identification done?"

Blunt-faced Sergeant Hardesty nodded. "Preliminary. From papers in his pocket. Social Security stuff, letters all like that. He's Hubert Holcomb, aged 58, lived 422 East 73rd Street, Manhattan."

"He used to be head-waiter or something like that at the old Hotel Grande," put in another detective. "What's the doctor have to say?"

"He was strangled. A slow, nasty job. No fracture of the vertebrae or the hyoid bone."

The inspector nodded sagely and looked at his watch. Then he turned toward the door, which stood at the other end of the narrow central corridor, and his normally crisp and rasping voice swelled to a roar. "Breck!"

The door opened, and a young patrolman, new to the Bureau, poked in his blank, reddish face. "Yes, Inspector?"

"Any messages?"

"No, sir. Only word to call the Commissioner when it's convenient."

Piper winced. He had already talked to the Commissioner, or at least listened to him. "Was there nobody else? I was expecting some other message."

"No, sir. There were some newspaper men outside. Then there were the usual nuts who try to get to the scene of the crime. Rubber-neck stuff. One in particular—I thought I'd never brush her off, but I managed it."

"Good, good," commented the inspector absently. Then he turned. "Just a minute, Breck. By any chance was this nut that you brushed off a sort of angular, middle-aged dame?"

Breck smiled. "I guess you musta had trouble with her before, huh? Yeah, she was about that. Height five nine . . ."

"Never mind that. Was she wearing a hat that looked as if it had been made by somebody who had heard of hats but never actually seen one?"

"Why—yeah, I mean yes, sir. But don't worry. I told her you were busy, and couldn't be disturbed. So she gave up by now."

Piper sighed. "That lady happens to be a special side-kick of mine. I've been trying to get hold of her all the afternoon. She wouldn't give up, no matter what you said. So find her, fast!"

It turned out that the unhappy officer had only to open the hall door and Miss Hildegarde Withers sailed in, glaring one of her best glares at the inspector. "Really! I hardly expected—" Then she



saw where she was. "Oscar, this is the Black Museum!"

"So what? It's a great place to have a murder committed, right here across the street from headquarters. Fine publicity it will make!"

"Fine, indeed," agreed the school-teacher absently. She came slowly along the narrow passage between the crowded shelves, her eyes bulging at the accumulation of gruesome relics. She looked upon knives, swords, and hatchets. There were ropes and infernal machines, hammers and blackjacks, and a hundred other articles the exact use of which one might only imagine. But the general effect was all too clear.

"Mercy me," said the maiden schoolma'am. "Look at all the dust and spiderwebs, too. Makes one want to get busy with a broom!"

Piper lowered his voice, so that the detectives at the farther end of the room could not hear. "Makes me want to get out of here," he confided. "Just a minute, Hildegarde. The body is back there. But before you have a look, let me fill in the picture. At two o'clock this afternoon three men were admitted to this place. They were all

"Yes. So I sent for you because—well, two or three times in the past you managed to stumble on the truth, with your blind luck, and—"

"Blind luck," echoed the school-teacher indignantly. "I stumbled, did I? Well—"

But whatever else she was about to say was lost as Miss Hildegarde Withers found herself staring down at the body of the rotund little old man with the silken rope round his neck. "Oh, dear!" gasped Miss Withers, putting her hand up quickly to her mouth.

"What we figure happened," Piper continued, "is that when the attendant went out of the room, the three visitors split up and went wandering round looking at what interested them. Holcomb came back here, and one of the others followed him, snatched up that noose, and had him strangled before the other man knew about it or could do anything."

"I see," Miss Withers was peering at a nearby exhibit, consisting of a champagne bottle, the base of which had been smashed into jagged shards. The card propped before it read: "Bottle used by Stanik Bard in murder of Hyman Kinch, Hotel Grande Ballroom, October, 1912."

"Now if you want to see the attendant—" Piper was saying.

"I would rather see the card. All the exhibits have cards. If the murderer reached up and grabbed the most convenient weapon, namely the noose, where is the card?"

The inspector asked if any of them had seen a card on the floor. Nobody had. Everybody looked. But it was Miss Withers who found it at the end of the room farthest from the corpse and nearest to the door. The card, still in its place, read: "Assassin's noose, Modern origin, used by Ab-el-Harun in murder of Mary Malone, Central Park, August, 1917."

"I remember that case," the inspector was beginning. "I saw him—"

Miss Withers looked at him and sniffed. "Oscar, I think I've seen enough of this place. It seems to give me the creeps."

"I know what you mean." He held the door open for her. "Now I suppose you want to see the suspects? They're pretty big shots, both of 'em, and have to be handled with kid gloves. We're holding Charlie Thayer, the wonder boy of politics, and Dexter Moore, the famous war correspondent."

Please turn to page 23



"Oh dear," gasped Miss Withers, putting her hand up quickly to her mouth.

WYNDHAM DAVIES

A Hotpoint Kitchen for Australian Homes

Designed by GERARD H. McDONELL, BArch, ARAIA

Gerard H. McDonell,
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As a kitchen-planning guide for home builders, we have commissioned leading architects and interior decorators to prepare a new series of practical kitchen designs.

Illustrated below is the first of these—a delightful, airy and soundly-planned Hotpoint all-electric kitchen by architect Gerard H. McDonell. It embodies, of course, the fundamentals of kitchen planning: dishwasher-sink unit between range and refrigerator; range handy to dining alcove, and refrigerator close to trades entrance; work surfaces and cupboards alongside all units.

But this kitchen has other fascinating features, so come on a quick tour of inspection. In the dining alcove, the rear wall is patterned with irregular shapes of contrasting veneers; the side wall is glass from floor to ceiling; on the partition is a double-sided electric clock.

Above the Hotpoint electric range is a cupboard, the interior and base of which is fitted with racks for quick drying of tea-towels and baby's napkins by heat rising from the range, and a strip-light underneath

gives direct light on to the range top. The centre panel of the glass wall is fixed, but the top and bottom panels open outwards and inwards respectively to create a constant current of fresh air; Venetian blinds are attached to the ceiling.

To the right of the attractive red door a floor cupboard is fitted with large bins for vegetable storage, and on the other side of the refrigerator there is a rack for trays. Ample cupboards and working surfaces are available for food storage and preparation; here, too, you will find additional power points for smaller electrical appliances. The cupboard top ends in a shelf for a mantel radio and your recipe books; finally to round off the kitchen there is a modern chair and desk for accounts and meal planning.

As yet many Hotpoint electrical appliances are still in limited supply, but with the help of these basic principles and practical ideas, you can now start to plan a kitchen that will take the drudgery out of your housework, and be the showplace of your home.



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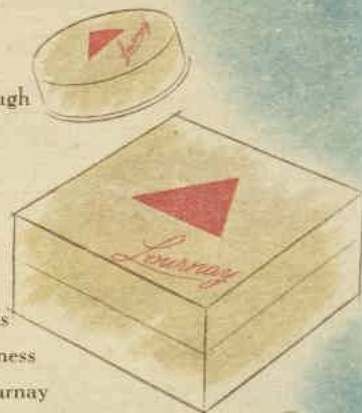
By AINSLIE BAKER

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724700>

Lourmay tempts you with Forbidden Fruit



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LF 706

Life in Japan would be hard on soldiers' wives

Food, housing, schooling, transport, health, all present acute problems

By DOROTHY DRAIN

who has just returned from Japan

Since I came back from Japan many women who hope to join their husbands in the Occupation Force have asked me what conditions they would find.

Their hopes had been raised by Mr. Chifley's promise, made to the troops when he visited them, that wives could go to Japan.

HAVING seen conditions in the area occupied by the British Commonwealth Occupation Force, I think it will be at least several months before the scheme is practicable.

As yet there is no official decision on if and when wives will be able to go.

When I left Japan there was a good deal of discontent among Australian troops, mostly about food and amenities. As all food had to be brought from Australia, and as the British Commonwealth area is so short of undamaged buildings suitable for barracks, it has been very difficult to provide troops with the food and housing they expected as an occupation force.

Although there are plans on foot for providing more sport and facilities for enjoying leave, they are slow in materialising.

At the moment a great many troops are bored to death because there is nothing for them to do in their spare time.

It seems, therefore, that if it is not yet possible to keep troops reasonably contented, it will be several months before any adequate provision can be made for wives and families who would need more material comforts than Army-trained men and women.

The number of wives is not as great as the number of troops—10,000—suggests. The majority of Australians there, both Army and Air Force, are young, unmarried.

One unmarried soldier said: "Those of us who are not married feel that if wives are brought here it may mean in the long run even less of the limited canteen goods and comforts for us."

Opposed to that is the viewpoint that women would probably spend their spare time in organising badly needed clubs for the boys.

But women who are planning and hoping to join their husbands in Japan must remember that even if conditions improve greatly they will find a great many disadvantages when the novelty of the country wears off.

There are virtually no shops or cafes.

Army personnel are not allowed to enter Japanese cafes. Most of them try it once, for the novelty. But raw fish and seaweed, at astronomical prices, are not as desirable as a cup of tea and a sandwich.

There is also a big risk in eating Japanese food, and regulations have been tightened up since outbreaks of cholera among the Japanese.

There are plenty of souvenir shops, of course. The prices are such that it is impossible for anyone on Army pay to buy things unless the yen are acquired on the black market.

You cannot blame troops for selling their canteen goods—soap and chocolate and cigarettes—when a silk handkerchief costs a day's pay, and when souvenir shopping at present is one of the few measure pleasures for a soldier on leave.

Nevertheless this practice of selling canteen goods naturally complicates the supply position. Soap is heavily rationed as it is.

One old soldier said: "Back in the islands one bloke would have a bit of tea, another some tinned milk, and a third some scrounged sugar. So you could always boil the telly. Now no one has anything because men sell the stuff so that they can buy presents for sending home."

Suppose, then, that a woman whose husband is away working all

day wants to fill in a leisure afternoon in Japan.

Once the novelty of looking at kimono (price £20) has worn off she might think about sight-seeing.

Japan is certainly a picturesque country, outside the bombed cities. But there is the question of transport. She would be dependent on the Army for this.

It is hard enough now to get transport for duty purposes, and she would have to wait for organised outings. She will enjoy these at first, but roads are incredibly bad.

Japan concentrated on its railways and did not bother greatly about its roads. The trains were, and still are, excellent.

However, if you wish to travel any long distance by train you must of course obtain a movement order from the Army.

There are trams packed to the doors with Japanese.

Children will present perhaps the biggest problem. Schools would have to be organised for them.

The Army would no doubt see that they were inoculated against possible infection, but I can't see myself how all the routine orders in the world would stop them from playing with Japanese children.

When you see the little Japanese girls with their heads grey with DDT powder to kill typhus-spreading vermin you can imagine that mothers would worry about this kind of "fraternisation."

They couldn't pack the children off to an afternoon picture show, either. Japanese picture theatres are mostly out of bounds. At

present there are some shows, but not enough, for the troops.

Wives would also have to be prepared for a certain amount of dislocation of rank. The Australian Army is reasonably democratic, but differences of pay and privilege exist, as everyone knows. Those differences are usually accentuated when wives come into the picture.

At this stage, wives who want to

go to Japan have probably thrown this story away in disgust.

If they haven't—I see their point. Even after reading all this, if I had a husband in Japan I would probably want to go, too.

On the bright side there is a lot of good work they could do. An Army officer pointed out to me how desperately short the British Commonwealth Force is of typists.



JAPANESE CHILDREN would interest Australian children, though "fraternisation" would be undesirable for health reasons.



HOUSING IS MAIN PROBLEM. Few houses are undamaged, many are small, unhealthy. Wives would probably have to live in barracks.

MARKET GARDENS are numerous, but for reasons of hygiene the Australian soldier's wife could not buy any vegetables from them.

It is so short of typists that when I was there four Aamws were conducting a typing school in their spare time, teaching 60 men.

This officer suggested that it might be possible for wives to do a job as typists.

But if and when they go they must be prepared for the change of altitude that comes when novelty wears off.

In my case I think it was best expressed by my feelings about the room I had in a Japanese house.

When I first went to it I was so entranced with its novelty that I didn't mind its primitive sanitation.

After a few weeks I used to come home at night, inured to the quaintness of sliding door and mats, and think, "Heavens, how this place SMELLS."

Soldier of eight campaigns is decorated in Tokio

Radioed by MASSEY STANLEY from Tokio

The Australian soldier who was decorated at Hirohito's front gate on Empire Day was an appropriate choice for this singular military record.

Lieut.-Col. D. R. Jackson, returning to Kure in a few days after commanding the first Empire unit to mount guard in the capital of the Japanese enemy—his Australians are handing over to England's Dorset Regiment—had a special claim for the central part in this symbolic climax.

AT Bardia he opened the batting for Australia. This was one of the grounds for his award of the D.S.O. which the British C. in C., General Northcott, pinned on his breast at the ceremony in the Plaza of the Imperial Palace.

An incident of this young Dunroon graduate's eight campaigns was his leadership in rearward actions in Greece, back in tragic '41.

Because it was a withdrawal, Australian authorities permitted no decorations for Greece, but Jackson's "show" figures in the citation.

As leader of preliminary patrols

at Bardia, and as one who pinpointed the place of attack, he could claim to be the first A.I.F. officer to go into action in World War II.

But Jackson is the sort of fellow who makes no claims. I suppose he is among the ten most experienced living Australian battle commanders.

Just a year before amplifiers were carrying the words of the investiture ceremony beyond the Palace wall to Hirohito, Jackson had been heading for his last combat landing, as Americans call it, at Borneo.

Since 1940 the man who sailed away as adjutant of the 3/1st Battalion had seen all of Australia's bloody share in the war that one man could expect to see and survive.

But I haven't been able to wheedle

or bully him into saying one word about that.

Apart from his palpable devotion to his troops his interest is in sport—and it is expert interest from a man who from schooldays until now has been a top-flight cricketer, footballer, oarsman, swimmer, life-saver, boxer, and runner.

He won't talk about things he saw and did in the first Libyan campaign, Greece, Crete, Syria, El Alamein (and there he was in the 24th Brigade, which had most of its officers, including Brigadier Godfrey, wiped out), British New Guinea, Hollandia, or Borneo.

But he'll talk to further orders about the exploits of the A.I.F. cricket and football teams. He was in both.

The Australians in Tokio rate Jackson's peacetime performance worthy of his battle record.

It is an understatement to report that there were critical eyes on our men as the first Empire unit to be seen on the job in the brittle atmosphere of Tokio.

They are leaving with flying colors. In the fourth week of their tour of duty I have just passed MacArthur's headquarters and the Imperial Palace.

G.I.s were still crowding around both posts with their cameras. The merits of their 31-year-old commander require no further comment.



Lieut.-Col. D. R. Jackson, D.S.O.

And now for an anti-climax: Jackson has just shown me an embossed card which invites him to the Emperor's hunting lodge as guest of the Imperial Household.

Well, I didn't list this among Col. Jackson's sports, but by the time this appears you can add "Hou. huntin'."

"Shootin'" goes without saying, with the sights on strangely altered Imperial targets.

Lieut.-Col. Jackson is the son of Major-General and Mrs. R. E. Jackson, of Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

FOR CLEANER CAFES

HEALTH authorities of Australian cities are showing a timely interest in the standards of cleanliness in public eating-places.

During the war, when china was almost unobtainable, it was useless to insist that cracked cups and chipped plates be promptly destroyed.

Now that supplies are coming more freely, cafe proprietors may fairly be asked to observe the prewar rules of hygiene.

The public can play a big part in the restoration of these standards.

No Health Department can have its inspectors busy in all of the cafes all of the time. If we must wait until official action reforms the proprietors one by one, it will be years before any real improvement is made.

But customers are in cafes all the time. If they choose to act as temporary unpaid health officers they can restore higher standards comparatively quickly.

The wartime docility which led us to accept many discomforts in resigned silence is out of place now.

Every customer who refuses to accept his coffee in a chipped or cracked cup is doing a public service.

Some sacrifice is involved in such action. Cafes are still crowded and owners so independent that the diner who complains is likely to find the service even more unwilling than usual.

But concerted effort would win out. As things become normal again, the cafe proprietor will show himself a good deal more sensitive to customer reaction than to the danger of being caught out by a health inspector.

Doctor's detailed review of "polio" scourge

By a MEDICAL WRITER

Few things are more distressing than the spectacle of a sick child. We grow accustomed to the ailments and operations of adults, but there are few indeed who remain unmoved when the sufferer is a little child.

Perhaps it is for this reason that the outbreak of an epidemic of infantile paralysis is always regarded by all members of the community with horror, and the daily record of its dread toll viewed with such apprehension.

TO the average person an attack of infantile paralysis means the inevitable changing of a healthy child to a little cripple with withered limbs. Fortunately this grim conception does not represent the true picture.

Let us review what is known about the matter.

We call the disease infantile paralysis because the greater number of patients contract the infection as children. But adults are not immune. So perhaps the medical term acute poliomyelitis, which signifies an inflammation of the spinal cord, is a better one.

The organism responsible is a virus which thrives in the nose and throat of susceptible people and is readily disseminated by talking, coughing, sneezing, and injudicious spitting.

In between epidemics a few "carriers" who outwardly do not show signs of the disease keep the virus alive and pass it round.

Then, as the immunity of the community, which was high at the conclusion of the previous epidemics, falls away, another conflagration occurs.

This is perhaps more readily understood when we compare the common cold. Some never get it. They are luckily gifted with a high immunity. But most of us get our annual attack when the tissue resistance, or immunity which we developed after last year's bout, has worn off. Influenza does not confer an immunity for more than a few months.

When poliomyelitis strikes it may assume various initial forms. The common ones are influenza, gastro-intestinal, and tonsillar.

Thus we may first see the patient with a cold in the head and general muscular aches and pains, or with vomiting and constipation or simulating a straightforward attack of acute tonsillitis. These constitute the first stage of the infection.

The virus now spreads to the brain and nervous tissue and we see stage two. The temperature is raised, the patient feels sick and irritable.

There are generalised muscle pains and the sufferer resists any handling or movement. The back muscles are in spasm and keep the spine rigid and the head pulled back. Headache is frequent.

This state of affairs, if the disease progresses, passes in a day or so to one of muscular paralysis. In this third stage the muscles involved are usually those of the limbs and back.

At times the diaphragm and muscles regulating respiration may be affected, and unless artificial respiration in specially constructed apparatus is quickly instituted death follows.

By the end of the week all pains have usually gone and the disease



AUSTRALIAN NURSE, Sister Kehny, whose method for treating infantile paralysis aroused controversy in Australia and America. Her treatment is discussed in the article on this page.

enters into the fourth stage, that of recovery.

This is very prolonged, and may last up to even 10 years.

It is surprising how great a recovery can occur. A limb which appeared completely useless may slowly improve over the months to almost normal.

As the disease is world-wide the efforts of doctors and scientists in many countries are directed to the early detection and isolation of cases, and the efficient segregation and treatment of them.

Special attention is given to contacts who are kept apart until the normal 14 days' incubation period of the infection is over.

Recent observation has shown that the epidemics often coincide in time with the seasonal marketing of skin fruits. These should be washed and peeled before eating.

Contacts may handle them in picking, packing, polishing, and selling, so we realise the importance of this measure.

All colds and attacks of gastric influenza should be regarded with suspicion during an epidemic.

It is in the first day of a cold that the condition is most highly infectious.

To stay in bed and keep the children and visitors away is far wiser to one's self, and an infinitely greater

service to the community than to be tough, and "stick it out."

Unfortunately medical science has not yet produced a means of immunisation against poliomyelitis, nor has the use of specific serum given at the onset of the attack been shown to have any real value.

It is thus apparent that as matters stand at present the most hopeful fields of prevention lie in such public health measures as the care of the common cold, early diagnosis, and isolation of sufferers and contacts, and the avoidance of any conditions of crowding as in trams, trains, picture shows.

The other great scope for future advance lies in an increase in research facilities. This requires buildings, equipment, and a highly trained, efficient staff.

The tremendous advances during wartime show what can be done when public interest is aroused.

Under the threat to national existence the best scientists are co-opted, equipment provided, and funds established. Everybody is interested and keen for results. The same organisation is possible for the problems of health and disease in peace.

When the infection is established and symptoms are present the doctor's task becomes much more clearly defined.

The first measure is to relieve the muscular pains, alleviate the headache, and produce the maximum comfort for the sufferer.

This is achieved by careful nursing, the administration of sedatives, and certain special procedures such as the withdrawal of fluid from the spinal canal.

Paralysed limbs are placed in positions scientifically selected to preserve the maximum of function.

Within a few days this acute, painful period is over and attention is directed to the restoration of function in the involved muscles and the prevention of deformities due to paralysis of some groups of muscles, with overaction of others which have remained intact.

It is with this object that splints and special surgical apparatus are often prescribed. It may be necessary for these to be worn continuously or only at intervals.

This principle of specially designed splinting can be readily understood if we take as example a pole held upright by three guy ropes.

This is analogous to a joint maintained in a stable position by three sets of muscle tendons. Cut one guy rope or paralyse one group of muscle tendons and the other two pull the pole to one side or the joint out of position.

Supposing we cannot immediately replace the guy rope, what can be done to prevent the pole sagging to one side?

A prop can be put at the base of the pole to prevent it sagging over. Also by preventing this abnormal movement the two remaining guy ropes are not allowed to shorten or sag and need to be replaced when the broken rope is repaired.

This is exactly the purpose served by a splint or retentive apparatus such as a spinal jacket or surgical boot when ordered by the doctor for a case of paralysis. The intact muscles are prevented from shortening and the paralysed muscles are not permitted to be overstretched or distorted.

Every effort is then made to restore tone to the paralysed muscles by massage, exercise in water baths, physiotherapy, and muscle re-education exercises.

Continued on page 28

Interesting People



M. GUY HUZI

"painter of the water"

AFTER living in Tahiti for six years French artist Guy Huzi has come to Australia and is holding exhibitions of his paintings. Vivacious and full of vitality himself, he takes an impish delight in painting humorous scenes on Sydney beaches. American critics dubbed him "painter of the water." He likes painting Sydney's skyline with a foreground of harbor. Was student at Beaux Art Academy, Paris. Has exhibited in New York, San Francisco. Belonged to Association of the Humorist, Paris.



MISS KATHLEEN ROBINSON

"drama and days"

BUSY days at Minerva Theatre.

Sydney, where she has directed 20 plays in five years, have not interfered with the interest Miss Kathleen Robinson takes in her cocker spaniels Jane Eyre and Dinah, daughters of her pet golden spaniel Sally Girl, who raised £100 from the sale of her puppies for Red Cross. As well as her work as director of Whitehall Productions Miss Robinson has taken important parts in many of the plays, her most recent role being Miss Moffat in "The Corn is Green."



TODD DUNCAN

"singing greatest happiness"

WITH a wide, infectious smile famous negro baritone Todd Duncan says his greatest happiness is singing. Opens Australian tour in July. Will give at least 25 concerts. As Toreador in "Carmen," Toni in "Pagliacci," with the New York Opera Company, was first negro to sing white roles in Grand Opera. Is Professor of Music at Howard University, Washington, biggest negro college in America. Insists owes success to mother, who gave him music lessons from time he was five years old.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep

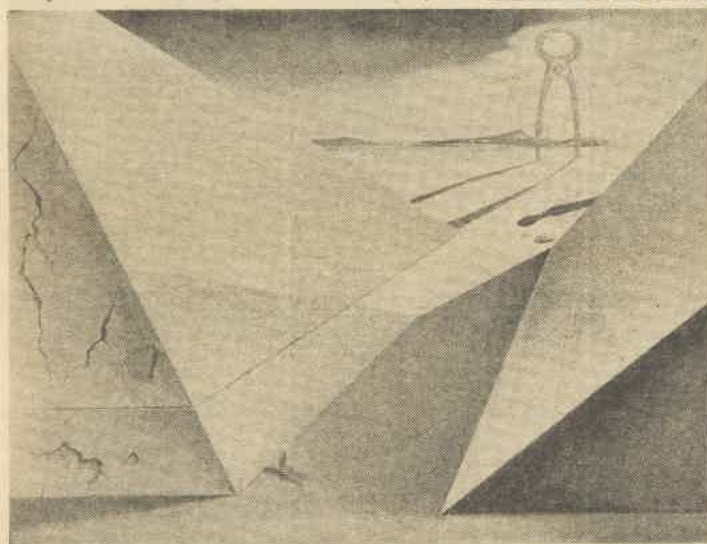
DESIGN FOR A DREAM — by surrealist Dali



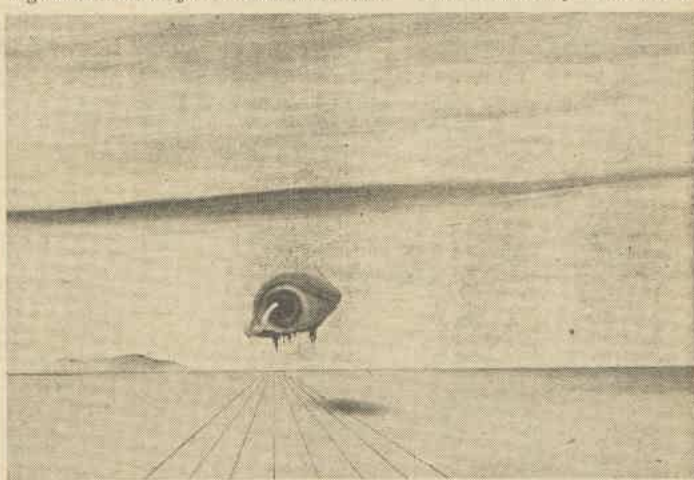
SALVADOR DALI, surrealist artist who created dream sequences for mystery thriller "Spellbound." A Spaniard, he has lived in America 11 years.



IMPENDING CALAMITY. Figure waiting for blow to fall personifies state of mind common to all sufferers of nervous disorders, who walk in fear dreading what is held by the unknown future. Broken masonry adds horror.



PINCERS (left above) tell of pain; cracks of decay. The eye (right) sees all lines converging to focal point, represents man's striving. Limitless space emphasises man's insignificance



IDEAL WOMAN. Faceless statues show amnesia victim's state of mind. Central figure (Ingrid Bergman, loved by Gregory Peck in the film) is identification of Ideals.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 22, 1946

AMERICA'S leading surrealist and futurist artist, Salvador Dali, was called in by Selznick International Pictures to create the dream sequences for "Spellbound." Gregory Peck as an amnesia victim suspected of murder is being treated by psychiatrist Ingrid Bergman, who by psychoanalysis is desperately trying to save him from punishment for a crime which she believes he did not commit.

Both his real identity and the solution to the mystery are finally discovered by this means, with Peck's surrealist dream figuring largely in the solution. Fantastic and exaggerated though they appear, Dali's sets were created after intense study of the distorted associations of the mentally ill, and analysed according to Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams."

A Sydney psychiatrist explains the dream sequence pictures from the film reproduced on this page.



LIFE'S GAMBLE. Outsize cards represent fate. Man has no privacy from eyes of world on backdrop. Psychiatrist did not explain human legs on furniture.

WORTH Reporting

VISIT of the Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, to Cloncurry, north-west Queensland, was naturally preceded by committee meetings discussing decorations for the hall where the Vice-Regal party would be received.

A woman committee member made a timely suggestion: "When we drape the flags round the platform," she said, "we had better put them up fairly high. Last time we decorated the hall for a celebrity the goats got in beforehand and ate the flags."

WE like the inscription on the side of a suburban ice vendor's wagon: "Real cold ice."

Tick, tock

YOU know how it is? Some people have an allergy to dripping taps, rattling windows, doors creaking. A girl we know just can't stand a clock ticking.

One of her misquid friends gave her a clock for her birthday. She put it on the dressing-table in her bed-sitting-room. But she didn't wind it up.

One night she gave a party and when she went to bed, tired and weary, she heard her clock ticking away. Some "kind" friend had wound it up for her.

She reached out for it but knocked it over. It stopped, she hoped for good.

A few weeks later after another party she once more heard the clock ticking. Someone with a fixative mind had taken it apart and mended it.

The clock, an eight-day model, ticked away cheerily for the whole eight days, driving our poor friend almost mad.

WE couldn't help feeling sorry for a girl we know, one of those nice girls, although a trifle plain, a fact she ungrudgingly admits. Her giraffe, she told us, reached its longest ebb the other day at the hairdresser's.

Looking at her rather thin and mousey-colored locks, she said to the trim blonde hairdresser, "What do you think about my getting one of those false plaits?"

The girl looked at her hair and her face and said dubiously, "Well, it couldn't do any harm."

All aboard

WE joined mothers and babies aboard one of Melbourne's "pram buses" the other day, and saw a working model of the slogan, "Women and Children First."

Three single-decker buses stripped of all but rear and side seats provide transport for mothers in a number of suburbs off the electric train routes.

They make hourly trips between 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. throughout the day. Charge for prams is the same as the ordinary adult fare.

"Trying to fit in all the prams is like a game of draughts sometimes," said Driver George Bond, as he patiently watched Conductor Jim Jennings assist Mrs. Colin Worthy and her double-pram containing daughter Julie (3) and Colin (2) aboard at Spencer Street.

Sixteen prams make a full load, and the idea is to park them in the order of "last out" placed nearest the back of the bus.

But this takes some juggling, especially when there are "super-tresses" aboard, as Jim Jennings described large prams.

Mothers serviced by "pram buses" certainly travel along a friendly road.

Schedules run to time, but drivers carrying a full quota have been known to turn round when their load lightened, go back a couple of stops, and pick up a mother and pram for whom there was no room when the bus passed a few minutes previously.

Fashion follows Queen

WHEN the Queen wore a scarf over her hat to protect it from rain at the reception to delegates at the International Conference of Agricultural Producers on their visit to the Royal farm at Windsor she created a new fashion.

A message from our London office says that already couturiers are designing waterproof plastic scarves that will cover a hat and tuck in at the back of the neck under the coat collar.

Command performance

INTERESTING story of war days told by Australian actor Cyril Ritchard, who is appearing in Sydney with his co-star and wife, Madge Elliott, in a bracket of Noel Coward plays.

When the couple were playing in the Ensa production of "The Merry Widow" in Brussels they were visiting a general hospital there and played to a number of wounded English and New Zealand troops.

They took the entire cast, numbering 52 players, and eight members of the orchestra, and gave an hour and a half show.

At the conclusion of the performance it was found that three very seriously wounded cot cases had not been able to be wheeled into the crowded auditorium and had missed out on the show.

"We held a quick consultation with the other members of the cast and the orchestra, and quickly asked the nurses to wheel the chaps in," said Cyril.

"In no time at all we were in full swing and gave a full hour's show to the three boys."

At the conclusion of the performance, which included a can-can dance, members of the cast all expressed the opinion that the three servicemen were the most "distinguished" audience they had ever played to.

Solomon's cat

FAMOUS British pianist Solomon, who is now in Australia on a concert tour, told us about his cat Peter, who appears to be an animal of great tact.

Peter is most sensitive to his master's mood, and would never dream of scratching at the door to be let in while Solomon is practicing.

He waits till the music stops and then scratches and meows demandingly.

Canine fashions

A MESSAGE from our New York office says that Hollywood is making another bid for fame by claiming to have the largest dog population in the world.

Hollywood not only makes this claim, but it has a dress designer, Anne Ardmore, who actually makes a living by designing clothes for well-dressed dogs.

We are fascinated by some of the names.

"City Slicker" is the name for a dog's raincoat with a hood.

She calls a dashing naval costume "Sailor Boy," while "Country Cousin" is a plaid coat suggesting the outdoors.

Miss Ardmore has also put her talent to designing ear muffs for cocker spaniels.

She relates that a well-known film star was quite angry when she went to a party with her dog and found that another dog was wearing an identical suit.

MIKE ignored Kelsey's interruptions. "Since Kelly, who was to have been the guide, has become the property of Potom," he said, "it is obvious that you, Mr. Bobbs, will not waste the money of your company on a wild-goose chase. Therefore, there will be no expedition."

"What makes you think so?" asked Kelsey.

"Because," said Mike, "I have met a number of businessmen. They do not venture without certainty of return. Their interest in science is scanty."

"He doesn't approve of you, Dad," Kelsey said.

"Do you think the Skillmans will go to look for this deposit of molybdenite?" Bobbs asked.

"Having possession of Kelly," said Mike, "they most certainly will do so."

"I think so, too," said Bobbs. "Well, let us suppose that we had retained possession of Kelly, and had gone forward with our expedition. What would Skillman have done?"

Mike considered that. "He would have tried to get there first."

"Without a guide?" asked Bobbs.

"In his place," said Mike, "I would have followed our expedition into the mountains. And when we got to our destination I would have tried to locate the deposit first."

Bobbs nodded. "What," he asked, "is to prevent us from doing as he would have done? Better still, what is to prevent us from getting a head start?"

"You seem to think you can find these torreonels Kelly mentioned. Would it not be excellent strategy to get into that country first? To be on the ground and await Skillman's arrival."

"And then," Kelsey interrupted, "what is there to prevent us from snatching Kelly back again, when we get into the wilds?"

"My daughter," said Bobbs, "seems to be a man of action."

"I cannot," said Mike, "abide a masterful woman."

Bobbs said patiently: "You're not going to quit, Mike. We are going ahead as planned."

"This is your doing," Mike said to Kelsey.

"I was very firm about it," she admitted.

"Why," Mike asked, "do you want to go on this trip?"

"If I told you," she said, "you wouldn't understand. You wouldn't understand anything not dug out of a prehistoric trash heap."

Mike did not resent this. It is doubtful if he heard it. "It is understood," he said, "that if I continue my employment and accompany this—he paused and looked up quickly at both—"this picnic party, I shall be given full opportunity to investigate these stone towers—the torreonels!"

"It is understood," agreed Bobbs.

"Another point to be re-emphasized," Mike said. "Your daughter finds me distasteful. She seems to be accustomed to having her own way. Will she submit to proper discipline?"

Bobbs' lips twitched. He got to his feet. "Suppose you settle that with Kelsey," he said. "I must keep an appointment."

"A first-class idea," Kelsey said, as her father put on his hat and opened the door.

Mr. Bobbs was still smiling, though a bit uncertainly, as he rang for the elevator. He had not been comfortable with his daughter since she had come home with a completed education to stay permanently.



Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 3

Something about her attitude toward life in general and men in particular filled him with vague misgivings. He did not like the dark glasses she wore so constantly.

But he felt himself inadequate and helpless. So he took the line of least resistance, pampered Kelsey more than was good for her, and hoped for the best. If the truth be told, his wishing took the form of a young man who would take the problem off his hands.

Mike, however, was uncomfortable, alone with Kelsey.

"Why," he asked, "did you say my manners are bad? What is the matter with them?"

"I didn't say your manners are bad. I said you simply haven't any."

"I've got along," he said defensively.

"In mining camps," she said curtly.

"In mining camps," he said, "you need manners, or something, more than in drawing-rooms. If you give offence, you are very likely to find yourself in the infirmary."

"And have you often been there?"

"Never," he said, and was thoughtful. "Manners," he said, "as I understand them, are an artificial system to make it easier to get along with people. I get along with people."

"Of the cruder sort," she said.

"I think," he told her, "that all people are of the cruder sort. Some can control it for longer or shorter periods. But in emergencies, everyone is apt to revert to crudity."

"Is there a point to this?" she asked.

"I—why, I think so. We are going on a difficult mission. There will be a small party whose members will be thrown unpleasantly closely together. Most of that party will be crude people. Now you, I suppose, can get along very well in drawing-rooms with—er—cultured persons. But I can foresee a situation in which you would have to be very crude indeed, without previous experience. And it worries me."

"You are thumb-handed," Kelsey said slowly, "but somewhere in you is a gleam of intelligence."

"I am very intelligent," he said gravely and without vanity.

"What other good qualities have you?" she asked, and only half in derision.

He answered honestly: "I am very cautious. I seem to remain tolerably calm when others are excited. I know my subject, which is metallurgy. And I consider myself competent in the archeology of the south-west. I seem to be able to organise things." He paused and lifted his brows. "And I get along splendidly with crude people."

"Is that the full catalogue?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he said. "Now I will ask a question. You appear to have an aversion to me. Why, then, did you insist that your father retain me to head this expedition?"

"Because," she answered, "you appear to have an aversion to me."

"That," he said, "does not make sense."

"It does to me," she said. "In the first place, you disapprove of me. In the second place, you haven't noticed the fact that I am a girl. In the third place, you probably never will notice the fact that anybody is a girl. Which is ideal."

"I am aware that you are a girl," he said.

"But merely as a bit of scientific data. You have no personal predatory interest in the fact."

"I have a distinct personal interest. You will be a nuisance and a constant problem, insisting upon special privileges and requiring to be pampered."

"But," she said, "aside from that, you don't care if I am hideous or beautiful."

"I've never seen you," he said simply. "You always wear those spectacles. How could I form any judgment as to your pulchritude when you hide the most important feature?"

"But the rest of me?" she demanded.

"You look fairly strong and healthy," he answered, "which is somewhat reassuring. If you were puny, I would insist that you remain behind."

"You," she told him, "are made to order. Now what else have you to say?"

"Only this," he answered. "You

insist upon encumbering our party. From the moment we leave the fringes of civilisation we must have organisation and discipline. I shall see to it that we have it. You will have to keep up. You may expect no special consideration. You will have to do the work assigned to you. And I shall demand obedience."

"And if I mutiny?" she asked.

"If you mutiny, Miss Bobbs, you will find me so rude and uncivil that it will make your teeth rattle."

"I shan't mutiny, Mr. Bronson," she said. "Not because you frighten me, but because I have common-sense. When do we start?"

"The day after to-morrow, if your father can be ready."

"I promise you," she said with conviction. "Dad will definitely be ready."

Kelsey was excited as she had never been before, but, at the same time, she was oddly at peace. Just what she expected this expedition to do for her she could not have told, but she was certain it would accomplish something.

The train upon which she and her father and Mike were riding would bring them to Gallup, in New Mexico, about 5.45 in the morning.

There they would pick up the other members of the expedition and the equipment which was awaiting them. Mike hoped to be able to proceed northward after no more than a day's delay. The plan was to send supplies and equipment by truck as far as was possible, then to transfer to packhorses for the major part of the journey, which could not be made on wheels.

The three, wakeful, had been sitting in Mr. Bobbs' compartment. Conversation had been desultory.

"Why don't we go to bed?" demanded Bobbs.

"We're picking up one of our party at Ashfork," Mike said. "Jack Maxwell. I sent him up to Flagstaff to nose round."

"Why Flagstaff?" Bobbs asked.

"Because," said Mike, "Pete Skillman went there some days ago."

Kelsey turned away from the window through which she had been gazing out upon the night. The train had been lurching and jerking upward from the desert floor, climbing deviously and precariously through a terrain of giant boulders, jagged mountains, precipitous canyons, to reach the high-plateau country to the north. Once in a while the huddled, lonely buildings of a remote ranch had been visible.

Lights appeared beside the right of way. "Coming into Ashfork," Bobbs said sleepily.

"I'll go out and find Maxwell," Mike said, reaching for his hat. The train stopped and Mike went out, crossed a couple of lines of track, and stepped upon the long piazza of the combination depot and hotel.

He found Maxwell at the lunch counter.

"Mr. Bobbs is waiting up," Mike said.

They went back to the car and rapped on the compartment's door. Kelsey opened it and Mike presented Maxwell to her and to her father.

"What did you find out, Jack?" he asked.

"Skillman is outfitting in Flagstaff. Making the dust fly," Maxwell said. "He's starting from there."

Mike frowned. "From Flagstaff! Catch sight of Kelly?"

"He is there, Skillman has two men riding herd on him. I couldn't get near him."

"You're sure he is starting north from Flagstaff?"

"Certain."

Mike reached for a battered briefcase and took from it a large-scale map of Arizona. He spread it out, and he and Maxwell anxiously discussed the route Skillman would probably take.

Mike was frowning thoughtfully. "Kelly mentioned the Carrizo Mountains. They're in Arizona, almost at the Four Corners. He was indefinite about directions. All these old prospectors are, so I don't know if the place is north, or south, or east, or west of them."

He turned to Bobbs. "This will make necessary a change of plan and greater haste, if we are to intercept Skillman's party."

Please turn to page 17

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 22, 1946



NEWLYWEDS. Lieut. Quentin Saunders, R.A.N.R., and his bride, formerly Judith Alley, who were married recently at Shore Chapel. Couple return to Sydney from honeymoon.



CUTTING THEIR CAKE. Lieut. Lance Kent, M.C., A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Norma Gardner, at reception following marriage at St. Mark's. Norma is second daughter of the E. G. Gardners, of Denistons. Lance is well-known sportsman.



AT OVERSEAS PARTY. In the receiving line at party which the Australian Minister to France, Colonel W. R. Hodgson, gave to meet the Australian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. H. V. Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt are Miss Cynthia Hodgson, Col. Hodgson's daughter, Mrs. Evatt, Dr. Evatt, and the United States Ambassador to France, Mr. Jefferson Caffrey.



AT RAM SALES. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Field, jun., of Grafton, attend ram sales at wool stores, Pyrmont. It was Mrs. Field's first visit to sales.

Intimate Greetings

OLD-TIME square dancing—with everyone joining in—will be a feature of Sydney's American Society's "Glorious Fourth" Ball to be held at the Trocadero on America's Independence Day, July 4.

Square dancing, which is undergoing a widespread popular revival in the United States, has spread among Americans resident in Sydney and I'm told they and their friends are practicing to the tune of such old "hoe-downs" as "Turkey in the Straw" and "Arkansas Traveller."

Ball is the first to be held since the beginning of the Pacific War. In prewar days the American Society in Sydney set a high standard in entertainment and their functions were always voted among the best of the season.

Other features of the ball will be a special floor show composed entirely of American artists; special American picnic dishes will be served at supper.

"RONNIE" STEPHENSON wore her going-away dress—a cherry-red frock with a bolero jacket—when she received guests at a wedding gift showing afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Williams, of Bellevue Hill.

"Ronnie" and husband Peter have just returned from their honeymoon in Victoria, and are temporarily installed in a flat at King's Cross, The Williams', with their other twin daughter, Nita, leave for England on the Stirling Castle soon.

WAS fascinated with collection of dressed dolls which were exhibited at Pickwick Club by Lucille Bruntnell when Mrs. Arthur Scrivener gave an afternoon tea there recently. Dolls were entirely made and dressed by Miss Bruntnell, and each one was entirely different. Not only were the women guests taken with their beauty, but Bob Stephens immediately purchased one for his young daughter, Mary.

THREE weddings in two families within three months cause excitement in Camden district.

Deirdre Dugate announced her surprise wedding to Frank Wheeler, which took place on May 1 at St. John's, Camden, after the marriage on June 1 of Frank's brother, Arthur, who marries Joan Allan, of New Guinea, at St. James', King Street. Deirdre's brother, Brian, and his bride, formerly Edith Neal, of Taree, who were married last March at St. Thomas', Enfield, were also present at Arthur and Joan's wedding.

All three couples will make their homes in Camden.



PHOTO from New York. Counsellor in charge of Australia's permanent mission to U.N.O., Mr. Paul Hasluck, photographed in New York with his wife and sons, Rollo (left) and Nicholas (right).

GREAT planning going on by C.E.M.A. (Council for Encouragement of Music and Arts), who will hold a festival from July 17 to August 3.

First item on their programme is an A.B.C. concert at the Town Hall on July 17, to be followed by series at the Conservatorium of three nights of drama, three musical nights, and three nights of ballet.

President of C.E.M.A., Miss Dorothy Helmrich, well-known Australian singer, is at present in England as the guest of the British Council, after which C.E.M.A. was styled. Miss Helmrich is scheduled to return to Australia in September.

Western Suburbs branch of C.E.M.A. will commence next July with a concert on July 4 at the Ashfield Town Hall featuring Lindley Evans, Frank Hutchens, and Phyllis Ralsbeck.

SOLDIERS from Australian General Hospitals were guests at the Minerva opening of "Youth at the Helm," on Victory Night. Co-producers Kathleen Robinson and Roland Walton dispensed hospitality between acts to first nighters, who were enthusiastic as usual about Ron Randall's performance.

By the way, everyone is agog to see Ron's performance, at the premiere of Columbia's "Smithy," which will take place on June 25 at the State Theatre.

It's to be a real Hollywood premiere I believe. Spotlights, the red carpet out, and all the trimmings. The Duke and Duchess and members of their staff have accepted invitations to be present.



DOCTORS WED. Dr. Geoffrey McDonald and his bride, formerly Dr. Marcella Nolan, after their marriage at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay. Both Geoffrey and Marcella are resident doctors at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

AFTER absence of seven years, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Neal Blackwell and their four-year-old son, Richard, have returned to Australia. Mrs. Blackwell and young Richard are staying in the country near Condobolin with Mrs. Blackwell's mother, Mrs. James Dawson. Meanwhile, Mr. Blackwell has the unenviable task of trying to find accommodation for his family in Sydney.

joyce



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. Bob Mutton leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on the arm of her husband, who is ex-P.O.W. of 8th Division, and their attendants, bride's brother, Colin Love, and bridesmaid, Meg Dalton. Bride formerly Margaret Love, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Love, of Vaucluse. Couple plan future home at Bowral.



ENGAGEMENT CELEBRATION. Fit-Lieut. Loris Blashki and his fiancée, Beryl Rosebery, announce engagement at dinner dance at Prince's. Beryl, who is an ex-WAAF, is eldest daughter of the late Major (Dr.) Rosebery, and Mrs. D. Rosebery of Lindfield. Loris is awaiting his discharge from R.A.A.F.

THE WAR IS OVER

*But she still
carries a pack*



THE heaviest weight in the housewife's pack is Government interference. The heavy hand of departmental control hampers trading and impedes the return to normal conditions.

The keenness and enterprise of manufacturers, wholesalers and shopkeepers are curbed by officialdom . . . and so the weary housewife still waits in a queue, pays outlandish prices, carries her own parcels home.

The Liberal Party will remove all unnecessary restrictions. It will use the shears of sane government to cut red tape, and prune away the dead wood of useless departments.

The Liberal Party stands for progressive, *liberal* administration.

The Road Back to Freedom is through

**THE LIBERAL PARTY
OF AUSTRALIA**

Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT planetary changes take place on Saturday, June 22, which bring good fortune to Aquarians, Librans, and Geminians.

Cancerians, Scorpions, and Pisceans will also enjoy a respite from previous difficulties, but those born under the signs Aries, Libra, and Capricorn must live cautiously for the next few weeks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Try to get urgent matters completed on June 18, 19 (after 4 p.m.), or 20 (midday hours). Be cautious rest of week, and avoid new ventures.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Difficulties are likely on June 18, 19, and 20 (early), but June 22 (noon to dusk), 23 (afternoon), and 24 (to 9 a.m.) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Rush important matters through on June 18, 19, and 20 (before 2 p.m.). Rest of week poor. June 25 (after 2 p.m.) adverse.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): A difficult week, but good fortune is assured after June 24. June 18 (after 4 p.m.), 19 (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.), 20 (midday), and 22 (to dusk) quite fair. June 23 (to 9 a.m.) good, (after 2 p.m.) adverse.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Be very

Animal Antics



"I'll bet the tiger licks the zebra!"

cautions on June 18, 19, 20, and 21 (after 2 p.m.). June 22 (sunrise and sunset) poor; 24 (mid-evening) fair.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Live cautiously this week. June 18 (to midday) tricky; 20 (after 2 p.m.), 21, and 22 poor. June 23 (to 6 a.m.) good, (after 2 p.m.) adverse.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Finalize important matters on June 18 (after 2 p.m.), 19 (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.), or 20 (to 2 p.m.). Avoid changes and discord for rest of week, which is adverse.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): June 18, 19, 20 (to 5 p.m.), and 22 (after 2 p.m.) can be difficult, so live quietly. June 23 (noon to dusk) quite good. Plan for good weeks to come.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly now and avoid worry, losses, and partings. June 18 (to 2 p.m.) poor, 20 (after 2 p.m.), 21, and 22 difficult. June 24 (to sunset) and 25 (after 2 p.m.) very poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Leave important projects for some weeks if they cannot be finalized on June 18 (after 4 p.m.), 19 (after 3 p.m.), or 22 (to 3 p.m.). Rest of week adverse, so avoid changes and discord.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Speed important projects through on June 18 (after 2 p.m.), 19, 20 (before 2 p.m.), 22 (noon to dusk), or 24 (after 2 p.m.). June 25 can prove adverse.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Things can be difficult until June 22 (after 4 p.m.), but helpful weeks are ahead. June 22 (4 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 24 (after dusk), and 25 (to 9 a.m.) quite good.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this satirical diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and red, page 5, VI-VII.
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, VI and VII.
BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 5, 40-42.
MEAT: Black, 35-36; red, 41-42; green, 41-42.
CLOTHING: VI-56, 237-112.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins:
AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt,

PETER: At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. Augusta's new ally is **KRAG:** Who pays natives to drown Mandrake before he can find the fifth clue, hidden in a huge clam off Tahore Isle. Their attempt is foiled by Lothar, who rescues Mandrake, Peter, and Betty, and brings them the treasure note, which he found in a rubber bag attached to the clam. **NOW READ ON:**



THE FINAL TREASURE HUNT CLUE—FOUNDED BY LOTHAR ON GRANDDADDY CLAM!

THE LAST CLUE! POOR UNCLE ROGER. I CAN ALMOST HEAR HIM SAYING THAT. WELL—GUESS THIS MEANS WE GO HOME.

FIRST, BETTY, ANOTHER MATTER! I THOUGHT WE SHOOK OFF AUGUSTA IN VENICE, BUT WE'VE HAD SO MUCH HARD LUCK. TOO MUCH! SOMEBODY'S BEEN WORKING AGAINST US—IN THE DARK!



WE'LL FIND OUT WHO! WHEN YOU WANT TO CATCH A RAT, YOU SET A TRAP! AND SINCE THESE RATS HAVE BEEN AFTER ME—I'LL HAVE TO BE THE "CHEESE" IN THE TRAP!



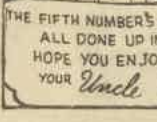
THE FIFTH NUMBER'S AT HOME BASE. ALL DONE UP IN LACE. HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE RACE YOUR Uncle Roger



WELL, KRAG! MANDRAKE AND BETTY HAVE THE TREASURE NOTES! A LOT OF GOOD YOU'VE BEEN TO ME!



MANDRAKE'S GOT THOSE NOTES, AUGUSTA—BUT I'LL HAVE THEM BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!



ASLEEP—AND HE'S NEVER GOING TO WAKE UP!



WHAT—THE—?



KRAG STEALS QUIETLY INTO THE HUT—AND AS HE NEARS MANDRAKE—



LOOKS AS IF OUR TRAP HAS SPRUNG, LOTHAR!



US CATCHED THE RAT!



THE TREASURE NOTES! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! SHE HAD THEM—NOT MANDRAKE!



MEANWHILE, AUGUSTA CREEPS INTO BETTY'S HUT—AND FINDS THE PRECIOUS NOTES....



MANDRAKE! THE TREASURE NOTES ARE GONE—STOLEN! I HAD THEM UNDER MY PILLOW!



LOOKS LIKE AUGUSTA'S WORK! WHILE WE NABBED KRAG, SHE NABBED THE NOTES!



LUCKILY, BETTY, I HAVE A COPY OF ALL THE NUMBERS IN THE NOTES. NOW—IT MEANS A RACE TO SEE WHO GETS HOME FIRST!



TO BE CONTINUED



TO BE CONTINUED

Come on **SNAP**
into
it!



The **SNAP** tells you
that the best of chocolate
is coming to you

This is the chocolate that talks to you. It talks with a clean, brittle SNAP when you break it. That SNAP is something that you should always listen for, because that's how experts tell the best quality chocolate. They know that the clean, brittle SNAP says "this is better chocolate."

'Not so sweet. If that's the way you like chocolate—not so sweet—you'll get exactly the chocolate you want when you buy Small's Club Chocolate.

You'll be eating chocolate at its purest and best.

SNAP the Chocolate
that speaks for itself

Every time you break a block of Small's Club Chocolate you'll hear it SNAP. Anyone who knows anything at all about chocolate will tell you that's the way to tell the very best chocolate. If it's always brittle . . . if it's always snappy . . . then you know you've got the best.

ASK FOR SMALL'S
CLUB CHOCOLATE IN THE FAMOUS
BLACK & WHITE WRAPPER



Small's make great Chocolate



ENTHUSIASTIC GARDENER Mrs. M. Tarplee mows the lawn of the trim little cottage in Hammondville, where the family have lived for eleven years. She won the first gardening competition conducted by the late Archdeacon Hammond.



NEWEST ARRIVAL in Hammondville is five-year-old Frankie Stig, seen here with an adopted pet. Family had been living in Surry Hills until Hammondville Trust arranged for them to take over a vacant cottage.

This village stands as one man's memorial

Families, once hopeless, prosper because he cared about them

By JOAN POWE

Few places stand as such an inspiring memorial to the courage and energy of one man as Hammondville, N.S.W., where 108 families, once homeless and unemployed, now live in comfort and self-respect.

The late Archdeacon R. B. S. Hammond, O.B.E., conceived the idea for the settlement early in the depression, and the first 13 settlers came there in 1932.

BORN out of the unswerving conviction of Archdeacon Hammond that destitute families could make good if given a chance, Hammondville has far more than local significance.

From virgin bushland, just out of Liverpool, it has grown in the last 15 years to a small township with a public school, fire station, memorial hall, library, and one of the most beautiful churches in Australia.

Men who came to Hammondville without a penny during the depression now have neat, well-kept homes which have been completely paid off.

There is a radio in almost every cottage, and twenty families, once down and out, now own cars.

This is the place that 15 years ago was dubbed "a clergyman's beautiful but impractical dream."

I visited Hammondville shortly after the death of Archdeacon Hammond and saw an experiment in social welfare that will make his name live on to future generations.

Neat weatherboard and fibro cottages, with well-tended gardens, lined both sides of the main road, which was largely made by the first settlers in the district.

Women were standing chatting at front gates or pausing to greet one another during the morning's shopping, and there was an air of friendly informality throughout the whole village, as residents call it.

Sturdy youngsters were playing in the bushland which skirts the village.

Practically every family grows fruit and vegetables, and children reflect the benefit of healthy food and fresh air.

There are now more than 500 children living in the settlement, and the birthrate is one of the highest in Australia.

I was shown over Hammondville by Mr. J. Morley, proprietor of the general store, who was one of the first settlers.

When he came to the settlement he was an unemployed grocer's assistant, and his family was homeless. Now he is a leader in local

affairs, and a well-to-do citizen with a turnover of more than £7000 a year.

Right up until the time he retired because of ill-health, Archdeacon Hammond never failed to pay his weekly, and sometimes bi-weekly, visit to the village, and bit by bit I learned from the residents little personal anecdotes about "The Canon."

Most of them prefer to remember him as they had so often seen him before his death—a kindly figure deep in meditation walking down the main street with a string of children following. Pied Piper fashion, in his wake.

"All the children used to love him, and you could always tell where the canon was by the group of children along the road," one of the residents, Mrs. M. Tarplee, told me.

This was the man who waged a single-minded fight right till the end of his life against two evils—drinking and gambling—and who, in the words of one of his followers, "never pulled any punches."

Hammond legends

SO great was his energy and drive that few could keep up with him, and he preferred to work alone.

In Hammondville a typical story about the canon's views on committees is told.

"There should only be two men on a committee," he is reported to have said, "and one of them should be at the other end of the world."

The Tarplees came to Hammondville 11 years ago with their three daughters when Mr. Tarplee was on relief work.

He is now a staff clerk just out of the Air Force, and the Tarplees have one of the best-kept homes in Hammondville.

The canon had two special favorites among the children of Hammondville, Joan and Leah Ridgway, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ridgway, who came there 13 years ago.

The girls are both grown-up now, and work in Sydney, but they used to visit the archdeacon at St. Barnabas' Rectory before his death.

Typical of the progressive spirit in Hammondville is Mr. Ridgway's workshop at the back of the house,



HAMMONDVILLE YOUNGSTERS are shown by Mr. J. Morley a picture of the man responsible for the settlement, the late Archdeacon R. B. S. Hammond, O.B.E., who died recently.

where he makes ornaments, plastic work, and tubular steel furniture.

Mr. Ridgway, who was recently discharged from the Army, was a boilermaker when he came to Hammondville with the first 13 settlers, but "has always wanted to create beautiful things."

He is now under contract for the work produced by his one-man business and has made most of the implements he uses himself.

Conditions for becoming a "settler" were that a man must be unemployed, have at least three young children, and be either evicted or threatened with eviction.

Settlers were to receive a cottage and an acre of land, where, by growing vegetables and doing other odd work, they could rehabilitate themselves.

Public-minded citizens, while commending the plan in theory, held out all sorts of doubts and fears as to its practical success.

But Archdeacon Hammond was not the man to acknowledge possible defeat. The Rotary Club led public support for the scheme by raising sufficient funds to establish the 13 families at Hammondville at a cost of £100 each.

Rent was fixed at 5/- a week for



ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, Hammondville, costing more than £3000, was donated by an admirer of the Archdeacon some years ago.

the first three years of occupancy, then 7/6 a week until the cottage and acre were paid off. All rent was treated as part payment, and gradually the settlement was extended.

Of these homeless and destitute people who came to Hammondville, a large number have paid off their holdings even before they were due.

The men work in local mills, or run nurseries, stores, bakeries, ice works, vegetable gardens, or poultry runs.

Almost every house now has up-to-date improvements, and many have electric stoves and copper.

The settlement also created a record during the war by the number of its enlistments in the armed forces and by contributing £1500 to the Red Cross.

Close by the church is a shining new house, with cream woodwork, where the latest arrivals to Hammondville recently moved in.

They are Mr. and Mrs. C. Stig and their six children, whose ages range from five to 14.

For seven years this family of eight were living in three rooms in Surry Hills. Mrs. Stig's husband, a ship's carpenter, used to sleep on a couch, and the six children in the one bedroom.

Faced recently with eviction, the Hammondville Trust made it possible for them to come to the settlement.

The Hammondville Trust, which controls the settlement, has decided not to expand the area very much farther.

Plans are now in hand, however, for a new village, "Hammondlea," on the Liverpool Road at Bass Hill.

Devoted to pensioners and incapacitated ex-servicemen and their families, it will be another tribute to the man who labored unceasingly for the benefit of humanity.

FIGURE SKATERS IN HIGH-SPEED ACTION



ICE FIGURE. Betty Rossbridge, last year's 16-year-old silver medal and triple cup holder, comes out of sit spin.



CHAMPIONSHIP TRAINEE. The tricky foot parallel hold is demonstrated here by 17-year-old Hazel Edwards.
—Pictures by staff photographer JACK HICKSON.



YOUNG PROFESSIONAL. Daughter of Air-Marshel Sir Robert Clark Hall, Rosemary, 22, will soon return home to New Zealand to teach. She's practising at Sydney Glaciarium.



STAG JUMP. Errol Life-Smith shows how it can be done. He gets elevation through tremendous speed at the take-off.

It's that lovely
CHIFFON
effect

See your skin take on the new fineness—the super-smoothness that only Chiffon face powder can give!

Chiffon's fineness and cling make a new technique possible:—

Use very little; smooth it on carefully and evenly—studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder-base or none at all



THE PRICE of Chiffon is 2/5

ATKINSONS - LONDON & SYDNEY
AC.536



Every baby's
bed-time story...
PEARS SOAP

You can look right into the heart of a tablet of Pears—its purity can be seen. That clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin.

Pinch Me If I'm Dreaming

Continued from page 4

So Bill didn't ask her to marry him that night, as he'd planned. Somehow things didn't seem right for it. I'll ask her to-morrow, he decided.

The next morning he was sitting on the front steps, thinking he'd drop round to Margie's house after a while, and remembering the times he'd sat watching Marianne pass by without even looking his way.

And just then he heard Marianne calling his name. She was pushing two bicycles in front of her, and they'd got tangled up, and she would have fallen if he hadn't reached her in time to put his arm round her waist. He held her for a moment, laughing.

"I wonder if I can still manage one of those things," he said. "He saw Margie coming as he was trying out the pedals. She would have turned back if he hadn't caught her eye."

"I was going to drop down to see you in a little while," he said.

She told him politely that she was busy this morning. She was just passing by to bring his mother a jar of preserves, she said. He watched her walk up the porch steps to his house.

"Come on, Bill," Marianne said, "I'll race you."

They got on the main highway, and laughing and joking the way they were, they'd passed the town limits before he knew it.

"I'm played out," she said. So they leaned their bikes against a fence and climbed over it and sat down in a grassy field. He saw her looking at him sideways, from under her lashes.

"If you hadn't spoken to me yesterday, I wouldn't have remembered you. I didn't realise there was such a good-looking male right on our block," she said.

He flushed a little. "There wasn't," he said. "You must have been girl-ahy," she said. Her long eyelashes pointed at the ground and then up at him.

"Maybe you still are," he said. "I am," he said. His arm went round her and he bent down to kiss her. But she sprang away, laughing.

"Why, Sergeant, a man doesn't kiss a girl the first time he goes bicycling with her."

"When does he?" he asked. He was laughing too. It looked better if you laughed.

"I really don't know," she said. "Maybe... maybe the second time. I'm not quite certain."

"Looks as if we're going cycling to-morrow," he said.

"Is that a date?" she asked. And then he knew that it was, and as they started back he didn't feel much like laughing.

They stopped for a traffic light on Elm Street. He looked round for the familiar corner garage, but it wasn't there. Or rather it seemed to have turned into somebody's home. He saw a man out in front pottering round with a tiny garden.

"Who's that?" he asked. "Oh, that's Mr. Farnsworth," Marianne said. "Isn't he romantic-looking?"

"You mean that's the chap Margie's been posing for?"

"Why... yes," Marianne said. He saw a kind of funny look come into her eyes.

"I thought he was an older man," he said. And before she could answer that one he asked, grinning, "Why didn't he ask you to pose?"

"Why, Bill," Marianne said, "With Margie's beautiful carrot-colored hair?"

"Carrot-colored...?" Bill said. "And anyway," Marianne went on smoothly, "I guess Margie's mother is more broad-minded than mine."

"What do you mean?" Bill asked uneasily.

"Oh... nothing," Marianne said. "But my mother, she wouldn't dream of letting me go to a man's house like... sort of bohemian like Mr. Farnsworth..."

"Margie is one girl," Bill cut in sharply. He stopped. He'd been going to say Margie was one girl nobody would dare make any cracks about. But the traffic light had changed, and he was glad he hadn't said it. He and Marianne were having a good time. Why spoil the fun?

They got back to Marianne's house, and there were her two sisters

waiting at the front gate. Sue and Paula. There was something in the way they looked at him... as though they envied Marianne, maybe. He wasn't quite sure.

Sue kept looking at him, and he knew she was up to some kind of mischief. "How about going cycling with me to-morrow?" she asked.

"Sure!" Marianne said. "You're much too young."

Bill laughed. He chuckled Sue under the chin. He winked at Paula.

"Marianne," Sue said, "Jack was here. Jack Davis."

"How is he?" Bill asked. "Why didn't he ask you to pose?"

Sue gave him a look, then her eyes went to Marianne as she answered. "Not so good at the moment."

"Sue," Marianne said, "we'll talk about it later."

Bill grinned to himself. So Jack was jealous. He used to envy Jack for the way he got along with the girls.

He leaned the bicycle against the kerb.

"To-morrow," Marianne said. "To-morrow at the same time."

"Oh... sure... sure," he answered.

"Bill," Sue said, "how about taking me to the movies to-night?"

"Don't pay any attention to the brat," Marianne told him. "She just hasn't any manners."

Bill laughed again. It sure was wonderful. "You girls draw straws and let me know which one wins."

He swaggered as he walked down the street.

He telephoned Margie from his house. He still felt good. He said, "Margie, just wanted to see if you were in. Thought I'd drop around."

Margie's voice came to him cool and even. "I'm sorry, Bill. I was just going over to see Mr. Farnsworth."

"Say," he said, "first thing you know I'll be getting jealous of that man."

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about that," Margie told him politely, and she hung up.

He sat for a while staring at the telephone. It rang again. He picked it up hopefully, thinking she's sorry she talked to me that way. But it wasn't Margie, it was Sue. She sounded full of mischief.

"Bill, did you know Margie's picture is in a magazine?"

"What's the gag, Sue?"

"No gag," Sue said. "It's in 'Picture News'. The painting that artist did of her. If you come over I'll show you."

"I'm just going down to the store," he said, thinking fast. "I'll get a copy there."

He'd pass Margie's house on the way, he thought, and maybe he'd see her as she was leaving.

He went slowly down the street and towards Margie's house. When he reached it he stopped to light a cigarette and tie his shoe. She didn't come out. So he went to the door and rang the bell.

She stood in the doorway. She didn't ask him in.

"I was just leaving," she said. "Was there... anything special?"

He felt an angry flush coming up from his neck. "Does there have to be something special?"

"Bill," she said patiently, "I told you I was going over to Mr. Farnsworth's."

"Margie," he said, "Margie, I... And then he blurted out, "Margie, let's get married. Now. Right away. I should have asked you the minute I got off the train."

She closed her eyes a second and for some reason she took hold of the doorknob.

"No, Bill," she said.

"Why?" he asked. But he knew why. It hadn't sounded at all as he'd thought it would. It wasn't the proposal he'd been thinking about all these months.

"Because," she said, "you... because you aren't sure."

"I am," he said. "Sure I'm sure."

"Then I'm not. You've changed, Bill."

He stood looking at her for a moment. He could hardly believe the words he was hearing.

"All right," he said. And he turned and walked quickly down the street.

He felt as though the pavement had been pulled from under his feet. What was this? What had he gone and done? Margie, the girl he'd loved ever since he was a kid, the girl he'd thought of as he hiked those long, weary marches. Margie, the girl he was coming home to...

He found himself stopping in front of the store. He'd been walking to it for some reason and now he couldn't remember why.

He went in and looked around in a daze. He sat down and ordered a cup of coffee.

He finished the coffee and stood up. He didn't want to stay here, and there was nowhere else he wanted to go. A magazine on the stand caught his eye. "Picture News."

Miserably he picked it up and thumbed through it. Suddenly he stopped, and there were spots before his eyes. No, it was impossible. Yet there it was, in color, even Margie, wearing a white rose in her hair and wearing...

practically nothing else.

He was down at the corner of Elm Street before he realised he'd been running all the way. He raced up the steps and kicked open the door of the studio. They were sitting by a small table, each holding a teacup. He began thumbing the pages of the magazine, yelling as he thumbed, and finally he found it, that picture.

"Look at this," he screamed, pointing agitatedly at Mr. Farnsworth, who had risen to his feet in alarm.

Margie looked, and let out a little scream.

Oh, it was a fine thing, all right. Two pages of pictures from the recent Farnsworth exhibit, pictures of Glenwood, an American town. And right in the centre of it all, between "Glen Corners" and "Elm Street," this... this...

Margie said, "Oh, Bill, honestly I didn't know... It's my face but..."

"She turned to Mr. Farnsworth, her eyes flashing. "No wonder you didn't want me to see the finished picture!"

"Really," Mr. Farnsworth said, "I didn't know they were going to use it in a magazine..."

"Get up!" Bill said, grabbing hold of Farnsworth's chair. He got up and began backing round the table.

"Wait a minute, Sergeant," he said. "I'm no slouch with my flats, but..."

"That's fine," Bill said. "But I don't want to damage Government property," Farnsworth said.

They squared off in a cleared space and Farnsworth was still backing away, but this time he was doing it with some pretty competent footwork, and in the back of his mind Bill began to realise what he meant about being no slouch with his flats.

Somewhere he could hear Margie begging him to stop, but she might as well have howled at a tank. He went forward swinging his arms wildly. The next thing he knew Farnsworth had hung one straight on the middle of his new nose. There were red stars, and a little later there was Mr. Farnsworth slumped in a chair with his head on his chest.

"Let's get out of here, Margie," Bill said.

"Bill!" Margie said. "Your nose!"

He put his hand to his nose and it came away red.

They went to Doctor Stevens.

"Whoever did that job," the doctor said, "knocked it just enough out of line so that it doesn't look too bad, and yet you look like your old self. Your breathing is all right and you can have the bridge put back where it was any time."

"I guess I'll let it stay the way it is," Bill said.

"It's your face," the doc told him.

"Yes," Bill agreed. "Now it is. It wasn't before."

He walked out, with Margie's hand on his arm and the first place they went was to the marriage licence bureau.

When they came out he saw one of the Wilson girls crossing the street, with the wind blowing. He sighed. It was some dream while it lasted. But he was glad it was over.

(Copyright)

*"I want you to try this one,
Miss Gray, it's my best seller..." (says the Chemist)*



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NIMPRESSED, Miss Withers said: "Oscar, while we're here I'd like a word with the attendant."

"That you'll have," said the inspector and led her into a little office beneath the stairs, where they faced an old man in police uniform but without the badge. "This is Captain Halverstadt, retired," Piper introduced them. "He's in charge of the lower floors of the Criminal Courts Building here. Tell us about it again, old-timer."

"Well—you see, we got orders not to let just anybody into the museum, as we don't want any of the weapons fished and maybe used again. So we sort of give conducted tours, usually at ten in the morning and at two in the afternoon. Comes two o'clock to-day and only Mr. Holcomb, that's the victim, showed up. But at the last minute two others arrive—"

"Together?" demanded Miss Withers.

"No, ma'am. One of them as we was coming down the stairs and the other just as I unlocked the museum door. Mr. Thayer came last. I got them inside and was just going into the little spiral I always give when I heard the phone ringing here in the office. So I had to excuse myself for just a minute. But to make sure that nobody got away with anything, I locked the door behind me when I went out."

"How long were you gone?" Piper asked.

"Maybe ten, fifteen minutes."

"And when you unlocked the door you didn't notice anything that would help us to figure out which man was telling the truth and which was lying?"

"No, Inspector. Both of them looked scared and excited. But neither man was ruffled up any. They were both talking all at once, so I couldn't make much sense of it. But I saw the corpse, so I held 'em both while the boys got here from across the street."

"I see," said Miss Withers in a far-away voice. "Captain, do visitors to the Museum have to give a reason for wanting to see the place?"

Captain Halverstadt hesitated. "Well, I got orders to make sure they're not wrongs looking for a gun to snatch. Now this Mr. Holcomb, he had a good reason. He said he used to be martyr de hotel at the Grande, and he wanted a



"The closet is small, but it will keep your clothes pressed."

look at the broken bottle that figured in a murder when he was working there. Mr. Thayer said he was interested in studying crime prevention because he was running for office on a reform ticket, and Mr. Moore said he was hipped on old stuns, and heard we had an 1884 derringer here. With people like that we don't ask much."

"Not even enough," Miss Withers observed softly, as they moved off.

"Well, now for the suspects," the inspector said. "Come on, we'll take the short cut."

He led the way up another flight of stairs, and then across the covered bridge to headquarters. He took her down a hall to a door bearing the legend: Detective Bureau, Preliminary Investigation—Private. At that moment the door suddenly opened and there emerged a lawyer, followed by a man with a tanned face and wavy grey hair.

"Evening, Inspector," said the law-

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Continued from page 5

yer. "As you see, I got a writ. Book 'em or let 'em go, I always say." He touched his client's elbow. "Come on, Mr. Thayer."

But the man held back, drew himself up to his full height, and faced the inspector. "Just a moment. I wish to make two things clear. As candidate for the Assembly I have the right to ask that you take care in any releases you may make to the Press. And I ask you to make clear the fact that I have not been under arrest, that I have made a detailed voluntary statement, that I will hold myself in readiness to co-operate with the police at any time of the day or night, and that I can prove that I have never met the victim of this infamous murder in all my life." He paused.

"Come on, Mr. Thayer," urged the lawyer, a little uneasily.

"Good evening, Inspector," said Charles Robin Thayer, and departed. The inspector led the way into the office, where a desk sergeant quickly stood up, shaking his head at the implied question in his superior's eye.

"Nothing new in this statement, sir. Claims he didn't touch a single object in the room—was just looking, getting material for a talk on crime prevention, and all of a sudden he turned and saw Mr. Moore laying Mr. Holcomb's body down at the other end of the room."

"I know, I know. Look here, Hildegarde." The inspector led the way across the office and slid back a wooden panel in the wall. Behind it was a sheet of cloudy glass, through which they could see a small room bright with one glaring lamp that shone in the eyes of a tanned, dapper man who sat on the edge of a hard chair, surrounded by three detectives. He looked far less worried than his inquisitors. "This thing," continued the inspector, "is a mirror on the other side. They can't see or hear us."

"I gather," asked Miss Withers, "that is Dexter Moore, the sole remaining suspect?"

He nodded. "Was overseas for Mid-West Press for four years in the European theatre. An expert on runs to hear him tell it. He likes to collect them from dead Germans, Bulgarians, Rumanians, and anybody."

"Nice and ghouliah, isn't he?" Miss Withers squinted closer. "Not as handsome as the other suspect, but rugged and useful looking. He seems quite pleased with himself."

They watched the pantomime, as the detectives, obviously referring to a typed statement, hurled barrage after barrage of questions at the man in the chair. Now and again he shook his head with amused patience.

"Moore will have to be turned loose in a minute," Piper decided. "His statement is exactly the same as Thayer's—but in reverse! Besides, we can't hold a man on suspicion when he's got three medals and is a front-page hero. But somebody committed that murder. Holcomb didn't murder himself! The panel closed. "And if I don't get busy, I'm going to be hunting a job."

Silently the schoolteacher followed the inspector back to his own office, where he sank unhappily into the chair behind his desk and picked up carbon copies of the twin statements signed Dexter N. Moore and Charles Robin Thayer. He read them through, then tossed them aside. "Moore's had more adjectives, but Thayer winds up with a better climax. They both add up to the same thing."

Miss Withers, who had been staring at a nearby brick wall through the open window, now turned quickly. "Oscar, an innocent man might lie—I mean a man innocent of murder. He might hate some-

body so much that he would try to incriminate him."

"Look, Hildegarde. They don't even know each other. We've proved that, as clearly as anyone can. They never met. Thayer was secretary of an educational association upstate when Moore went overseas. Moore's only been back four days, I don't see—"

"Oscar, do you remember the impression the Black Museum made on us both? Isn't it within the realm of possibility that a mind might snap from the sheer weight of the exhibits, from the poisonous and deadly aura they give off?"

The inspector was amused. "Look, Hildegarde. You saw Thayer and Moore. They're not the type to change into murderous maniacs just from being in a museum like that. They're hard-headed, ambitious citizens. Try again."

"Perhaps I will. By the way, Oscar, has it occurred to you that the murder would never have happened but for the accident of that telephone call? If there ever was a telephone call!"

Just at that moment the telephone rang, with a loud angry clang. "Yes?" said the inspector. "Oh, yes, Commissioner. Yes, I know—"

Miss Withers waved good-bye at her unhappy sparring partner, and then went quietly out of the room. Later that night, back in her own flat, the schoolteacher thought over the day's events.

"The main problem," she was saying, "is the motive. Why should anybody want to kill a harmless little retired hotel employee? Or did somebody just have an overwhelming urge to kill, and take the nearest

victim?" The schoolteacher sighed and snapped out the overhead light.

Well, she might as well sleep on it. "To sleep, perchance to dream, I hope," said she, and went off to bed.

Dream she did that night. As a matter of fact, the inspector was of the opinion that she was still dreaming when she stalked into his office shortly after nine o'clock next morning, announcing that a substitute was taking over her little charges at Jefferson school, and that she intended devoting her time to saving his precious skin.

"Don't you worry," she told him. "My subconscious mind worked it all out for me in my sleep. I dreamed—"

"My old father always said he would rather hear rain on the roof than hear a woman tell her dreams," interrupted the inspector. "And for your information, that telephone call, it was on the level, all right. Those calls all pass through the headquarters switchboard, and Cap Halverstadt had a call just after two yesterday. It was from Western Union, a long complicated telegram about a three-horse parley at Rockingham, signed Sam."

"Oh," said the schoolteacher. "Well about the dream. I dreamed I was playing cards with two suspects, and there came time for a showdown. But one of them refused to put down his cards—and that one was the murderer. Only I don't remember which of them it was."

"Marvellous, Hildegarde!"

"Well, the meaning is clear. Oscar, an innocent and a guilty man must react differently to the same stimuli. That's the principle of the lie detector."

Please turn to page 25

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IN a surly tone Oscar said: "Sure, sure. And I get booted out of the Force if I don't wash up this case before midnight to-night. And all because of the killing of a useless little guy who was good for nothing but the writing of some reminiscences of the good old days, that nobody would want to read about . . ."

"Oh, Oscar!" cried Miss Withers. "Sometimes you are brilliant!"

A pleased but vague smile crossed the inspector's face, but it died away as he heard the door close behind his visitor. Nor did he hear any more from her until a short time after noon that day, when she telephoned and asked him to come to her flat. Curiosity, and the lack of any other portents, brought him there within fifteen minutes.

He found her removing make-up from her face. She had combed her hair back into a violent upweep half-do, and otherwise attired herself fearfully and quite wonderfully.

"Hildegarde, you look like Carrie Nation!"

"Well put, Oscar. Permit me to introduce myself. I am none other than Miss Miriam Whitehead Jones, world-famous impressionist poet. Having laid aside my fading laurels I have decided to set down on paper the memories of a busy life, filled with reminiscences of the great and the near-great who have been my friends and my — er, my intimates. I have been seeking a publisher for my memoirs. And since they will naturally be a bit on the racy side, I had to find one who was not too squeamish about the danger of libel suits."

"I still don't get it."

"You will. I happened at last to be successful. I located a Mr. Hoppman, who seems just the perfect publisher. You would not care for him, Oscar. But he seems to specialise in the publication of memoirs such as mine will be, especially when the author contributes most of the expense. Indeed, I have learned that he has already set in type the first volume of 'Forty Years of Scandals at the Grande Hotel,' by Hubert Holcomb."

The inspector took a deep breath, and nodded. "You figure you got a motive — that somebody might not want to be included in Holcomb's memoirs. And that somebody —"

"Oscar, do you know any local newspaperman who could sneak me into the paper's morgue?"

Piper hesitated. "Well, I know Weatherby over at the Brooklyn Falcon. He's been there since the year One. But what you expect to find —"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But I'll find it all the same."

A short while later she found herself seated in a small room crowded with musty, tattered volumes. Miss Hildegarde Withers sneezed, sneezed again, and began to shuffle through interminable envelopes filled with dry and brittle Press clippings. But her progress was very slow, and the hands of her watch moved swiftly.

The inspector, a very worried man indeed, met her by appointment at her own flat shortly before five. "Not that your wild ideas will do any good. The Commissioner means it this time, too. I had my boys pick up Halverstadt, just in case he might have gone nuts from being in that place too long, but they couldn't get anything on him. We've been watching Moore and Thayer, too, but they're acting like completely innocent bystanders."

"Did your men report that Mr. Moore and Mr. Thayer both received special delivery messages this afternoon? Because they did, and the messages were from me. Asking them to drop in here. I think they'll come, too. Because I hinted to each of them that he would meet an eyewitness to the murder. Meaning the

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Continued from page 23

other, of course. You see, Oscar, in the newspaper files I found what I had hoped to find. Voila, the motive."

The inspector eagerly seized the yellow clipping which she produced from her capacious bag. "German-Americans Affirm Faith in Future Amity," he read. "At a gala dinner in the Grande Hotel last evening prominent New Yorkers representing the German-American Bund —"

"You can skip down to the last paragraph," Miss Withers said. "See here? 'Among the speakers were Hans von Drexler, of the German Embassy in Washington, Ludwig Kraus, the famous author, and Carl Thayer, well-known Albany educator.'"

"I begin to see," said the inspector.

"Just suppose," Miss Withers continued triumphantly, "that in his memoirs Hubert Holcomb happened to remember that early Nazi dinner at his hotel and mentioned prominent guests? Suppose that Mr. Hoppman, the publisher, realising that disclosure of such leanings on the part of Thayer would at this time wreck his political career, attempted a bit of blackmail before publication?"

Piper nodded. "But, Hildegarde, now that you've got a motive for Thayer, why not call off the invitation to Moore?"

"It's only fair that since the man has been under suspicion he is here to see himself cleared. Besides, there are a few points that aren't worked out quite right as yet. I'm counting on you for that. Remember, I'm only an amateur, a self-appointed gadfly to the police department, as you so often remind me. You'll have to take over at the proper time. By the way, did you bring what I asked for?"

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The inspector felt in his pocket and produced the stolen noose which was to be, he hoped, Exhibit A in the case of the State of New York versus the murderer of Hubert Holcomb. The schoolteacher took it and placed it on the table, directly under the rays of the lamp.

Then came a hammering of the doorknocker. A moment later Dexter Moore was facing them. He wore a debonair, quizzical smile.

"I thought this was to be a private interview," he said stiffly.

"Don't mind me, Mr. Moore," the inspector told him easily. "I'm just the innocent bystander. But we want to finish this thing up, don't we?"

Moore took a few steps into the room, and then his eye fell upon the stolen noose. "Are you infantile enough to suppose that you can disturb nerves as cool as mine by showing me the weapon in the case? After what I went through in the Black Museum yesterday —"

He was interrupted by a second hammering of the knocker. This time it was Mr. Thayer, who had changed into a dinner-jacket. He surveyed them all with the perfect aplomb, the trained gestures of the professional man of politics. "I don't understand your note, Miss Withers. And I don't think I like remaining here in the company of

a man whom I know to be a murderer . . ."

"Sit down, Thayer, and let the lady say her say," cut in Dexter Moore, smiling a benevolent smile. "You know very well which of us is the murderer. Let's get on with it."

Miss Withers sniffed. "I intend to. You see, gentlemen, it is important that before we leave this room we establish for all time, to the satisfaction of the police and the public, just which one of you is guilty and which is innocent."

"Is this going to be a long lecture?" Thayer looked at his watch.

"Just long enough, I hope. Mr. Holcomb, for whose murder you are both under suspicion, was killed because in writing the reminiscences of a busy life as *maitre d'hotel* at a notorious gathering place of the city that was New York, he touched upon an old scandal in the past of one of you gentlemen. His publishers, either for their own protection or for purposes of polite blackmail, brought the matter to the attention of the murderer. No doubt they contacted dozens of people who were mentioned in the manuscript. But one person had too much to lose. He followed Holcomb, learned he was waiting to see the interior of the Black Museum, and slipped away to send a complicated telegram to the attendant, which would take at least ten or fifteen minutes to deliver by phone. It is possible to specify the exact time of delivery for a telegram, you see. That would, he expected, leave him alone with his unsuspecting victim. As fate would have it, he wasn't alone. But he went ahead with it, figuring that at worst it would only be one man's word against another's. But, you see, it is not impossible to delve back into a man's forgotten past and to discover just what secret it was that would make him murder

tent in each other's eyes, and then and there was born the unholy inspiration to kill him together!"

Dexter Moore laughed harshly. "There is no proof in all that, no case the inspector can ever hand over to a district attorney. It is still Thayer's word against mine, mine against his, yours against ours."

"I have another witness," promised Miss Hildegarde Withers. She held up the stolen rope. "This is almost nine feet long, gentlemen. In the old days, when such things as these were used by the assassins, they made a noose and gave one swift jerk, snapping the victim's neck. According to my encyclopedia, the Hashhashim — or hashish-eaters — used to kill Christians with this by the dozens. But according to the assistant medical examiner, Holcomb was strangled to death slowly! That takes time."

"There could have been time enough," Thayer put in. "I was very interested in some exhibits at the other end of the room."

"There was time enough," Miss Withers raved desperately on, "for either of you separately to creep up on Holcomb and to strangle him. But that would have given Holcomb a chance to fight back, however feebly. He would have clawed at your face, your clothing. Were there any signs — any signs at all — of such a struggle? No! But if you were to hold — each of you — an end of this rope, if you were to loop it once around his neck and both stand well out of reach, if you were to play tug-of-war until he collapsed, wouldn't that do the job neatly? Don't answer, I can read it in your faces. You knew that the individual cases against you would cancel out — and you took a chance —"

He stopped, swallowed. "But I wouldn't kill to keep that secret. Besides, who knows but Mr. Thayer here has a similar old scandal in his past."

"As a matter of fact," the inspector put in, "we know about Mr. Thayer's secret. It was a certain dinner, with some speakers since grown famous. Or infamous."

"Okay!" cut in Thayer. "And you're right back where you started. Either of us has a motive, of a sort. But I say that Dexter Moore killed Holcomb. He says that I killed him. It's up to the Police Department to prove which of us it was."

Miss Hildegarde Withers looked across the room toward a tank of tropical fish.

She turned suddenly to face the two men. "Two negatives make a positive," said Hildegarde Withers. "Each of you blames the other. Captain Halverstadt says that neither of you showed signs of a struggle, that your clothes were not dishevelled. The police have proved that neither of you knew Hubert Holcomb, and that you had never met one another — except perhaps between the pages of his manuscript. But it is plain as the nose on my face, gentlemen. Each of you came there to kill him. You read the in-

WEARILY Thayer said: "They still cancel out. Look at the inspector. He knows that the case would be laughed at in court."

Slowly the inspector nodded. Miss Withers sneaked a glance at her watch, and a look of triumph came over her face. "There's one thing that won't be laughed out of court," she said. "One little detail that you murderers didn't know and couldn't know. Exhibits in the Black Museum are stained with an invisible powder, known to chemists as oxy-methane blue. The idea was to prevent pilfering, since the oxy-methane blue after some hours forms an indelible stain on the human skin. And both of you claimed you didn't touch anything in the Black Museum — not even the murder rope!"

The two men looked incredulously at their right hands, and both kept staring, for a deep blue stain marked their hands. Then followed what Miss Withers would rather have not witnessed, for both broke down into frenzied confessions, screaming, ranting, struggling against the detectives who poured in from the hall. But finally they were taken away.

The inspector made his triumphant phone call to the Commissioner and then sank down wearily beside his old friend. "You sure had me going for a minute," he confessed. "Hildegarde, what's this about oxy-something blue powder on the exhibits in the Black Museum? I never heard of it."

She smiled. "Look at your own palm, Oscar."

He looked, and gasped. "But Hildegarde —"

"It was smeared on my doorknocker," confessed the teacher.

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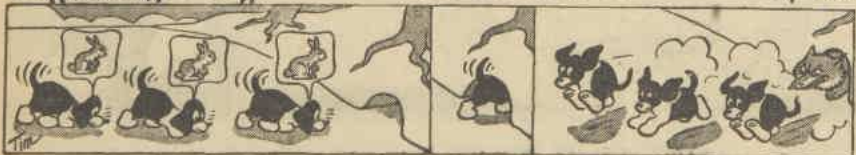
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FOR THE CHILDREN

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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 22, 1946

Page 81

'T' DAY *for the* TOWNSENDS

By ELSIE TAYE

AT the first sound from Robert his mother slid out of bed and went to him. Usually she just called, and he waited patiently for her to go and take him from his cot.

This morning she quietened his noisy baby talk, and in response to his inquiring gaze said:

"Your daddy came home last night—your daddy!"

The child whirled round to the picture of his father on the table and pointed.

"Now you've got it," his mother said. "You understand more than I thought you did. He came in to look at you when you were asleep. He likes you."

Karen lifted her son from his cot and put on his slippers and lifted him down. He made off to his toy cupboard, and she stood leaning against the door, watching and listening. Not a sound from the guest-room. Which, if anyone asked her, was a funny place for a husband to be sleeping after a two-and-a-half-year absence.

With embarrassing alacrity, Steve had agreed to Karen's suggestion last night that perhaps he would sleep better in the guest-room. The suggestion had been born of an idiotic attack of shyness. He should have known. As he should have known that by looking silently out the window as they drove home he made a wall of those two and a half years behind them. Only in the matter of Robert had Steve been satisfactory.

Archling in his sun-tanned chest and walking on tiptoes because you could use up more energy that way, Robert came back.

"It's a good thing you're attractive," Karen told him. "Otherwise I might not have liked giving up two of the best years of my life to you."

They had been two of the best years of her life according to her sister Jessica. Jessica was twelve years older than Karen, and together they formed the firm of Rayburn Sisters. Jessica had insisted on making her a full partner soon after she left college, declaring her talent for designing justified it. They had been successful, and Jessica had often talked longingly of the time when Karen would be able to resume active work.

Karen thought of this as she dressed Robert, and took him downstairs. She was wearing her white shantung, which effectively concealed her extra five pounds.

"It's a nice home," she thought as she looked round. Jessica found the house for them, less than a block away from the imposing residence where she lived with her husband, Carpenter Sayres, general manager of Rayburn Sisters.

They had a perfect three years in this house. Then Steve enlisted—then Robert came along.

She got Robert's breakfast and fed Jupiter, the red setter who was scratching at the gauze door and whimpering for Robert to come and play.

At nine o'clock Karen heard Jessica's car in the driveway and ran out to keep things quiet. Carp was in the car, also.

"Did Steve come?" Jessica asked. "Yes," said Karen in a warning voice, "late last night. He's still asleep."

"Good. He'll need lots of rest. And now he's home you'll be coming back to work—you said you wanted to wait till Steve came home."

Karen said weakly, "Well, soon. I'll have to get a girl to look after Robert."

"Sometimes," said Jessica, "I wonder if you want to come back. You should be able to get a nurse

quite easily. Young Mrs. Mason has a girl, Ernestine, who cares for her twins while she is out all day. Well, we'll come back later when Steve's awake," said Jessica, starting up the engine.

Not till after eleven did Karen hear the sound of bare feet padding across the hall and into the bedroom. The wardrobe door creaked. He'd find everything there he needed. She called Robert up from his nandipole to where she stood at the foot of the curving staircase.

"Go on up," she whispered, "and say hello to daddy."

At that moment Steve's voice called:

"Hey, Karen, have I got any razor blades?"

But before she could tell him where they were she saw him leaning over the upstairs railing.

Last night Karen had seen him in his Navy uniform—and not in anything else for two and a half years. Now his poplin pyjama coat was creased from sleeping, his straight brown hair stood up in separate paintbrushes, and he certainly needed his razor blades. That's what he was thinking about—razor blades. Not, certainly, about anything like coming down to kiss her. Karen's heart melted in that treacherous way it did sometimes when Robert was being particularly obnoxious.

In her most detached voice she was telling him about the razor blades in the pink bathroom when Steve said suddenly, softly, "Hi, fella."

Dark grey eyes looked down into wide blue ones as he and his son regarded each other for a long, unblinking minute. Then Robert grabbed the banister and shuffled rapidly up the stairs. Steve waited for him at the top, and hand in hand they went along the hall to the pink bathroom. "It's something," Steve was saying, "that you'll have to do every day of your life in just a few years, so you might as well watch—"

She had the breakfast cooked—steak, eggs, toast, and coffee—by the time they came down.

"That smells good," said Steve. Nothing more. Karen had a sickening feeling that there was something more than a long absence separating them.

When Steve had gone away she had not known how to break an egg, let alone cook one. She watched him, looking better than he had been the night before, but still too thin, and her heart ached. Pushing his chair back, Steve lit a cigarette. "That," he said, "was food." She smiled back at him, but at that exact moment his eyes slid away from hers. Abruptly she stood up, taking the dishes from the table.

Jupiter was scratching at the back door. "Come on in," she said with controlled fury. The dog tore through into the breakfast-room. Robert screamed with delight. Steve called her.

"Where did he come from? You've got to be careful about strange dogs around kids."

"Yes," said Karen, "Jupe happens to live here."

"Here?"

"You wrote that Robert should have a dog."

"He's too big, we'll have to get rid of him."

"Get rid of Jupiter?"

Steve looked at her. "No," he said, "I guess not."

Karen went over to Robert. "It's time for his sleep," she said.

"Fine, I'll take him up," said Steve. "What does he wear when he has his nap?"

"Nothing. He thinks it mainly to sleep raw."

Robert opened his mouth and murmured, "Ma-ma-mama."

"Is that all he can say?" demanded Steve.

"Listen," said Karen, "he's only two. And there's nothing the matter with him. He's perfect."

The two Navy men went up top-side. Karen over the washing-up watched tears drip into the suds. It must be time to go back to Rayburn Sisters Inc. Being a mother and housewife had made her too sentimental. She heard Steve come down and go outside.

As she finished she heard Jessica's clear voice from the terrace.

"Doesn't he look wonderful?" she said, as Karen appeared. "And" (which may have been the entire truth as far as Karen knew), "that leg of his is the most awful sight I've ever seen."

"Well," said Karen easily, "he doesn't limp, anyway." Steve gave her a sardonic glance, with some admiration in it. She had, he meant, been quick on that one.

Jessica waved a hand. "Noticed the new fence, Steve? To stop Robert getting lost. I tell you it will be a blessing when she comes back to work and stops fussing over the child. It does him no good."

"And she's getting fat," said Steve.

Karen drew a deep silent breath. He had objected to the dog, to Robert's backwardness, and now to the five extra pounds.

"Of course," said Steve, "she could probably reduce walking up and down the hills of San Francisco."

Please turn to page 27



Leaning over the banisters, Steve said softly, "Hi, fella."

T-Day for the Townsends

Continued from page 26

HER voice loud. Karen cried, "San Francisco!" "Or," continued Steve, "I can have my own job here. But Miller has resigned, and I can take his place."

Karen sat perfectly still. "San Francisco," screamed Jessica. "Hills! Fog! Earthquakes! And, anyway, it's too far away."

"As Jessica says," Steve told his arms. "It's too far away."

"I hear the servant problem is hopeless on the coast," added Jessica. "Oh, and have you heard? Mrs. Mason's girl walked out last night and left the children alone."

"It's a crime," said Karen furiously. "Supposing the house had caught fire?"

"It's not often they do," replied Jessica calmly, as Steve went inside to fetch some drinks.

"He's so sweet," said Jessica. "He knows you're not meant to be a housekeeper and he doesn't mind." "Mind what?" said Karen dangerously.

"I hate to tell you," Jessica went on, "but you were the kind of girl he admired—talented and successful, the kind who would get on. But take a look at yourself. You've put on weight, you're getting out of touch with things."

"What you mean," Karen broke in, "is that Steve fell in love with a type of person."

"Be sensible, darling. Of course he still loves you, but he can't help it if he is a bit disappointed."

When the drinks were brought out Robert came, too. He loved his Aunt Jessica—the source of marvelous stuffed animals and picture books.

She was talking. "I've a surprise for you. You look tired, Karen, so I'm having Lincoln bring up the car with a picnic supper and cook it here for you. And Carp is dying to see Steve. They should be here in no time."

Steve went down to the rats to meet them, and in no time trestle tables were being put up and steaks were being cooked over a wood fire.

There was nothing the matter with them that a little good food would not cure, and they quieted down as they ate Lincoln's superb steaks and superb salad, and drank Lincoln's matchless coffee.

After Steve had put Robert, as full as a little watermelon, to bed, the four of them sat on the terrace, meaning from time to time, and smoking. This, thought Karen, is something. I'd forgotten what it was like to just sit while someone else does the dishes. Maybe I'll get a maid, and a nurse for Robert, and I'll have things running like a greased engine round here—the way Steve likes it. And then I'll diet and get some really glamorous clothes. She stared gloomily at the moonlit garden.

"Well, Mother," said Carp suddenly to Karen, "I hear you're coming out of the home and into business again."

Steve turned his head, listening. "Maybe," said Karen, coloring, "as soon as I've found someone to look after Robert."

Twitching her chair round, Jessica said: "I have an idea. Of course, she's made a mistake, but she was really splendid with the Mason twins."

"What you mean," Karen broke in, "is that Steve fell in love with a type of person."

When the drinks were brought out Robert came, too. He loved his Aunt Jessica—the source of marvelous stuffed animals and picture books.

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Steve went down to the rats to meet them, and in no time trestle tables were being put up and steaks were being cooked over a wood fire.

Karen stared at her sister. "Do you mean—you can't mean—that I'd take Ernestine—leave her with Robert? After what she did? Oh, no, he wouldn't matter—nothing matters but work and Rayburts," she said sarcastically.

"For Pete's sake," Jessica stood up. "Steve, tell her she's absolutely fanatical about that child."

Steve crushed out his cigarette. "Fanatical," he said. "Is not the word."

"There," Jessica turned to Karen. "He thinks it's bad for you and Robert, the two of you."

"Fanatical isn't the word," Steve broke in. "Horse sense might do. And there's no reason why there has to be only the two of them."

"Steve, what are you trying to say?" interjected Karen.

"Only this," said Steve. "Two and a half years is a long time. People grow apart. Like us. We will have to start all over again, and whatever Jessica says, going back to business wouldn't help anyone—you, or me, or Robert."

"Poor Jessica," said Karen. "Yes," said Carp behind her. "You've got to remember that Jessica hasn't got anything except Rayburts."

Karen turned to her sister. "I'll never be able to make it up to you. You've done so much for me all my life. If you hadn't had that idea about Ernestine we might never have known that we both wanted the same thing, we might have gone on—"

"Don't be silly. Carp, it's time we went home. I gather Steve and Karen have plenty to talk about—now." She stalked off across the moonlit lawn, followed by Carp.

"You know," said Karen. "If she hadn't had that idea about Ernestine—"

"Do you have to keep on repeating yourself?" demanded Steve, drawing her into his arms. "There are other things to talk about, like going to San Francisco—"

"Darling," said Karen, and didn't talk any more.

(Copyright)

"I beg to disagree with you."



New York Round-up

Opinions on divorce given by U.S. woman

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Day in, day out, a parade of unhappy men and women and their even more unhappy children takes place at Margaret C. Harpstrite's office in New York City Hall.

AS the director of the Children's Court of Conciliation she attempts to show parents what evil befalls children as a result of broken homes.

She has been at work long enough now to have some definite opinions on divorce and the postwar era.

Over her desk hangs a picture of a small child praying.

Beneath it is the following caption: "Dear Lord, please make Mamma and Papa stop fighting, 'cause it's hard to take sides when I love them both so much."

"And besides, I'm ashamed to face other kids."

This prayer summarizes the heartache and confusion of mind suffered by a child when his parents are obviously unhappy.

In America, where the divorce rate tops those of all other localities in the world, people face a real problem, Miss Harpstrite points out.

War has accentuated the up-curve of marital maladjustment.

Women have been earning more money than they ever had before.

They taste independence, and are unable to cope with the returned veteran and his readjustments to civilian life.

Tact and understanding have enabled Miss Harpstrite to effect scores of reconciliations even in cases where the situation has appeared almost hopeless.

Above all, she has found a real talking point to quarrelling parents is the actual harm they are doing to their children.

A TIRED whale washed up last summer on the Bay of Fundy shore near Halifax is to-day the latest thing in ladies' wear.

Two Nova Scotians, Les Pragnall and Frank Coleman, enlisted the Department of Industry's aid, and found that whales' blubber—bone-like substance in the upper jaw—could be dried, polished, and cut into belts to grace women's waists.

Ladies pronounced it (you guessed it) a whale of a success.

A CITY magazine tells this story. A young mother who lost a very small daughter in the confusion of a railway terminal finally spotted her in the centre of a group of nuns.

"Oh," she gasped, much awed, "I hope she hasn't been too much trouble to you."

"Not at all," chuckled the Mother Superior. "We've had a fine time. Your little girl is under the impression we are penguins."

WOMEN who glow in the dark are the latest menace to bachelors. Adaptation of a wartime invention provides satin material technically termed "photoluminescent."

It glows in the dark like a luminous wrist-watch dial and during the war lit up paddies used on aircraft-carriers to signal landing planes.

It's pointed out that women could make their silhouette much more attractive than it really is by the judicious use of the new glow.

But it arouses fears for reactions of the person meeting a glowing but headless woman while walking through Central Park at midnight.

WHAT'S MORE, NO SCRUBBING MEANS ALL OUR CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER

I LOVE TO WATCH RINSO WHIP UP INTO THOSE RICHER, THICKER SUDS

THEY'RE LONGER LASTING, TOO, DEAR—THEY STAY UP TILL EVERY TRACE OF DIRT IS OUT, EVEN FROM DADDY'S HEAVY WORKSHIRTS

RINSO'S A MIRACLE! MY WHITES ARE DAZZLING WHITE... COLOURED'S ARE BRIGHT AS FLOWERS, AND THE WHOLE JOB FINISHED SO QUICKLY

The better the suds the brighter your wash and RINSO gives the richest, thickest suds of all

Swedish film star may be another Garbo

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Warner Brothers think they have a new Swedish actress who is comparable to Garbo and Bergman.

Viveca Lindfors, the newly arrived Swedish beauty, granted me her first interview when we lunched together at the studio restaurant.

VIVECA, who starred in fifteen Swedish films before coming to Hollywood, is twenty-five, with reddish-brown hair, deeply expressive blue eyes, and sculptured features, and is very reminiscent of Garbo.

Her first film in America is "Ships in the River," starting shortly.

Meanwhile, during her three weeks in the country, Viveca has spent her days studying diction, watching Warner stars working, and posing for portraits and color studies.

She is refreshingly naive, has not met many of the stars yet, and is wide-eyed, despite her own great experience in films and five years on the stage.

"I am longing to meet Charles Boyer," she said.

"I passed him in the lobby of a New York hotel, but naturally he did not speak to me."

"My secretary said I turned white, then red, and was glued to the spot."

"All I remember is that I have admired him since I was thirteen, when I hung his picture over my bed."

Viveca hopes to play opposite Spencer Tracy, George Brent, "and, of course, Paul Henreid, whom I admire tremendously."

As she spoke, Henreid strolled by the table, arm in arm with Bette Davis.

The publicity chief, lunching with us offered to bring Paul to the table in order to meet Viveca, but the Swedish star protested in confusion: "I would not know what to say. Please, not now."

But Ronald Reagan came over and introduced himself to Viveca, welcoming her to Hollywood, saying, "I

am almost a stranger here myself as I have been away in the Army so long. I know just how you feel!" Viveca told me, "I have not met either Bergman or Garbo, but naturally I am longing to meet them."

"When Warners tested me in Sweden for a contract, I did scenes from Garbo's role in 'Anna Christie.' Ingrid Bergman sent me a sweet letter, welcoming me to Hollywood, and a gorgeous box of roses."

Viveca won a Red Cross medal for raising funds for war relief in Denmark and Paris during the war.



JANE WYMAN takes time off from Warners' "Night and Day" to give her small daughter Maureen a lesson in dancing.

She has two babies and a husband in Sweden.

Viveca said, "If I make good in Hollywood I hope my family will join me."

"My baby girl Lena is eighteen months and my son Jan is three years. I miss them terribly."

"During the day I am so busy learning about Hollywood screen life and studying and meeting studio people, I am not lonely, but at night I feel as if part of me is missing."

Warners will allow Viveca to return home after finishing her film and then perhaps her entire family, including parents, may migrate to the United States.

Viveca is starting her screen career here differently from most newcomers, as her training at the Royal Academy, Stockholm, plus five years in leading stage roles and fifteen leading picture roles, fits her to immediate Hollywood stardom.

"I realize what a gamble it is," Viveca said.

"People may not like me."

"My Hollywood fame may be fleeting and I am not disturbing my family till I discover how the winds will blow, but I intend to try very hard working at my career, and hope for the best."

Sweden's natural, unaffected girl is not likely to have her head turned by adulation.

Already leading American magazines are besieging her for an interview, though no cameras have turned yet on the first day's shooting.

Viveca Lindfors is a name to watch in future.



VIVECA LINDFORS, leading Swedish actress, who has arrived in America under contract to Warners, who are featuring her in "Ships in the River." She starred in fifteen Swedish films.

Doctor's detailed review of "polio" scourge

Continued from page 10

THIS takes time, months or sometimes years, as other delicate spinal nerve cells take over the function of those which were completely or partially destroyed by the virus during the height of the acute attack.

Everyone has heard of the Kenny method of treating infantile paralysis, some indeed are keen theoretical protagonists of the procedure, and would have it adopted to the exclusion of any others which are grouped under the heading "orthodox."

It is a matter of considerable interest to understand what is meant by these methods and terms.

Broadly speaking, the lay public interprets the "orthodox" methods as using splints and retentive apparatus and the Kenny method as being free from these mechanical gadgets.

This is not so.

Many cases of poliomyelitis do not require such supports and surgeons do not prescribe them.

The Kenny method involves the use of specially designed apparatus to be used at certain stages of the treatment in accordance with the designer's directions.

Hydrotherapy, or the use of the paralysed limbs when immersed in water to overcome gravitational effects is advocated by the orthodox as well as the Kenny method.

Muscle re-education is a feature of both.

The principles of Sister Kenny's method are outlined in her book published in 1937.

The method of treatment is based on the following five principles—

1. Maintenance of a bright mental outlook.
2. Maintenance of impulse.
3. Hydrotherapy and remedial exercises.
4. Maintenance of circulation.
5. Avoidance of the generally accepted methods of immobilisation.

There is no conflict on the first, or the second.

The third principle has been acceptable for a considerable time. The Kenny method makes some useful modifications in its effectiveness.

The maintenance of the circulation in the paralysed limb is no reversion of principles. The methods used are divergent, but the final objective the same.

The fifth principle can be ex-

plained as a major issue if complete and prolonged immobilisation is advocated, or compressed to a negligible schism if resorted to at necessary times in selected instances. In the early weeks of the disease when paralysis is maximum it is considered wise to support the affected limb by splints to counter the effects of gravity and over-action of uninvolved muscles in producing distortion.

This is of special importance throughout the long hours of sleep. During the day these can well be removed and active therapy carried out. It is a false conception that the limbs are imprisoned by these measures.

The Kenny method, however, raises the objection that use of such splinting conveys to the patient a harmful mental appreciation of his condition in that "both the conscious and the subconscious mind accept the idea of permanent uselessness of the limb."

How valid such a contention is in the face of a real paralysis will find support or disproof by careful clinical trial and comparison of results over a reasonably long period of observation.

To rejoin society

FINALLY there comes a time in each case when an estimate must be made of the possibility of any further recovery in the muscles so that in the event of this being unlikely the patient may be fitted with such aids to walking and stability as splints.

This is necessary for him to rejoin society as an economic unit with an earning capacity. Provision is made for this in the Kenny method, as mentioned in her book.

It should be certain that no further acquisition of muscle power is possible, and all deformities should have been relieved before callipers are fitted.

"In this clinic progress of recovery must have been at a standstill for years, before the fitting of callipers is advised. Preferably they should not be fitted till the growing age is past."

Massage is not used in the Kenny method, but "stroking" of the insertion of the muscle is done to aid "mental awareness" and passive movement to the range that can be obtained without causing pain is carried out every day.

I think it depends on what one regards as a form of massage.

Continuous hot packing of the spasmed muscles is carried out during the early stages to overcome this spasm and improve circulation. This is one of the main points of the Kenny technique.

Whether this achieves more than warmth applied beneath a bed cradle by hot lamps may well be a matter of personal opinion. It certainly involves more frequent handling of the patient.

Whatever be the differences in points of technique or interpretation of principles this much is apparent—the Kenny method has advanced the treatment of poliomyelitis by stimulating interest in the disease and awakening the public to the need for greater facilities and more trained personnel for its treatment.

Sister Kenny has enunciated new conceptions in the physiological aspects of the disease which time and trial will properly evaluate.

That the trials are being made by clinicians is evident from the Government support advanced in Queensland and New South Wales with the establishment of Kenny Clinics and Training Schools in Brisbane, Townsville, and at the Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney.

An unbiased foreword to Sister Kenny's book published in 1937 was written by the Professor of Anatomy and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Queensland.

American observers who have studied the method over recent years have been favorably impressed.

It is well to remember that in this, as in all diseases, some patients are more heavily afflicted than others.

The resistance, strength, and will to recover vary from sufferer to sufferer. These factors have much to do with the ultimate results.

They are all boosted by kindly, efficient nursing, pleasant modern hospital surroundings, and the services of specialised attendants.

Nor should we lose our sense of perspective about the size of the epidemics. As these scourges go, they are small and of short duration.

This knowledge coupled with the hopes we have of better housing and social conditions, increased parks, better school buildings, offices, factories, and public transport facilities on the one hand, and wider research, adequate hospitals, and specialised staffs and methods on the other, must make us view the future occurrence of this and allied diseases with a more restful attitude of mind.

Film Reviews

★★★ THE LAST CHANCE

BASED on fact and played mostly by real-life characters, MGM International's Swiss-made film has far above average interest.

The story of a band of prisoners of war and internees in Italy who struggle to reach the Swiss border is just the background for the human appeal for tolerance between nations and a chance for everyone to live peacefully.

Most of the players had never appeared before camera before, but all give their parts a reality which is astonishing. Their names will mean little to audiences, but the work of Johnny Hoy as the English Lieutenant is outstanding. Hoy was an actual prisoner of war who had escaped to Switzerland and was chosen for the film.—Liberty: showing

★★★ OLD ACQUAINTANCE

MADE nearly three years ago, this Warner's release has been a long time reaching N.S.W. audiences, but the waiting was worth while.

It is a deft adaptation of John Van Druten's comedy, and co-stars Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.

The story features the two stars as old school friends, whose reunion after eight years is complicated when Miriam's husband, played by John Loder, becomes interested in career girl Bette. Miriam also becomes a career girl as a writer of lush novels. She loses her husband, but not to Bette, and Bette loses her fiancé to Miriam's young daughter.

Miss Davis is grand as the realist Katherine, and Miriam Hopkins stands out as the temperamental Millie.—Tatler: showing

★★★ BLOOD ON THE SUN

NO one would ever expect to see volatile James Cagney in a slow-moving film, and his latest United

★★★ THE VIRGINIAN

MAKING its third appearance as a film, this time in technicolor, Owen Wister's famous old story is still good entertainment.

Paramount has given competent Joel McCrea the part played by Gary Cooper way back in 1929, and pretty Barbara Britton has the role of the demure schoolteacher who marries the Virginian in Montana.

Cattle rustlers cause most of the gun battles and cross-country chases. Brian Donlevy is good as the chief cattle rustler, but Sonny Tufts is poorly cast.—Capitol: showing

★ YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT LOVE

POPULAR English singer Vera Lynn is starred by Columbia in a comedy-thriller-musical which provides lightweight entertainment.

The film has one of those plots where the ambitious girl singer pursues the handsome young stage producer from pillar to post.

Most interest in Miss Lynn, who does not photograph well, naturally is attached to her singing of six songs.—Lyric: showing

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



• Boy King Ptolemy, advised by his General, prepares to wage war on Caesar to win back the throne of Egypt, from which he has been deposed in favor of his sister Cleopatra, who has been befriended by Roman Emperor Caesar.



• Camel driver being interrogated by a Roman soldier in this scene is the producer-director of the film, Gabriel Pascal, who played the role himself as he did not approve of the original actor's handling of the camel, which proved ungrateful and bit Pascal severely.



• Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) tries to persuade the Roman soldier guarding her palace to permit her to leave. In the background is Cleopatra's nurse, Ptarmaca (Flora Robson), who kills Roman Pothinus, and finally is murdered for revenge by angry Roman general Rufio.



• Cleopatra awaits Caesar's arrival at the palace. The brilliance of the costume designed by Oliver Messel for Miss Leigh is clearly seen.



• Stylish humorous Caesar (Claude Rains) sits down with vixenish young Cleopatra in the Palace of Alexandria to discuss problems of State with the Queen.

Caesar and Cleopatra

THE enormous amount of money which English magnate Arthur J. Rank provided for the filming of "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh, is now returning steadily to him. British critics generally were scathing in their reviews, but the public has crowded the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, London, since the opening last December.

The scenes shown on this page give an idea of the lavish settings of the technicolor film.

Producer-director Gabriel Pascal was probably the most colorful personality

connected with the picture, on which nearly £2,000,000 was spent.

Except for a short visit to Egypt, Pascal directed operations in England. His odd use of the English language frequently puzzled members of the cast, as for instance when he would stand up and roar during a "crowd" scene: "I want the back front ones to come closer . . . NO . . . I mean the front back ones."

Included in the long list of people who worked on the adaptation of Bernard Shaw's play is the name of Australian "Bluey" Hill, who was assistant director to Pascal.

Though the film was adversely criticized, high praise was given to stars Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh, and also to Stewart Granger for his role of Apollodorus.

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sheets to last
16 years* AND STILL HAVE
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Aunt Jenny inspecting sheets in
backyard of Mrs. Mays' home.

"I have been married 16
years," writes Mrs. Mays,
"and the sheets and
household linens I had in
my glory chest I am still
using. They're good for
another 16 years. If I
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V3.12

Miss Susie Slagle's



1 ARRIVING in 1910 at Miss Susie Slagle's (L. Gish) famous boarding-house for medical students, newcomer Pug (S. Tufts) is welcomed by Miss Susie and other students from the university.



2 DURING HIS COURSE, Pug meets lovely Gret Lowe (J. Caulfield), daughter of a staff doctor, and escorts her to the annual Christmas party.



3 THOUGH SUCCESSFUL at his studies, Pug explains to friends that because of a fatal accident he witnessed when he was very young he has a fear of seeing anyone die.



4 FELLOW STUDENT Bert (P. Phelan) contracts diphtheria, and Pug, realising he is dying, is unable to stay in the room at the end and hurries away.

Medical Students Story Set in 1910

SCREEN newcomer Joan Caulfield has her first big role in Paramount's nostalgic story of the life of medical students in 1910. The film also marks the return to the screen of former top star Lillian Gish, as the old-fashioned boarding-house keeper, who sympathetically watches the students in their successes and failures. Sonny Tufts has a new type of role as a student who, determined to become a doctor, has to fight a long-existing fear of seeing death. An emergency case at the conclusion of his studies cures his fear and he starts a career as a surgeon.

Veronica Lake has an unusual part as a trained nurse.



5 NURSE VAN (V. Lake), who loves Bert, stays with him till he dies, and is comforted by Miss Susie.



6 WHEN PUG completes his course, he overcomes his fear of death, and joins hospital with Gret as his wife.

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AT ALL LEADING STORES



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AT ALL STORES

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BILE BEANS
At Bedtime

SMART VELVETEENS OR WOOLLENS

... For your lazy hours

• On cold nights relax by the fire in this cosy house-dress done in velveteen of three different colors, or in soft woollen if you can't find velvet nowadays.

• (Right.) Pastel-blue corduroy slacks tailored to a turn with the legs a little narrower than usual, and a tailored shirt of strawberry-red sheer wool.



• Violet-blue corduroy velvet jeans and a red-and-white striped silk shirt-blouse to wear on your week-ends in the country.

• A corduroy velvet dirdl in autumn-leaf-green worn with fuchsia-colored corduroy top buttoning down the back. It has back-to-front collar.

Bauer

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Do you remember, once, how I CRIED over it?

Plain Jane, and no mistake.

Dear Heaven, how happy I am. Men notice me, now. O, what a THRILL. And their smile. The light in their eyes.

The Nice Man and I are going to the Club dance to-night. I'm wearing my new floral. I look devastating.

O, goody, goody; it's great to be alive. I'm swanking all over the place.

Denise, dear, I'm a thrilling advertisement for Creme Charmosan. How is this? Famous skin cream changes Plain Jane into pretty girl?

Jane."

Creme Charmosan is greaseless. Protects the skin in a wonderful way from the bitter cold of Winter. Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/.



AUSTRALIA'S BELOVED ACTRESS Madge Elliott, back here after several years in London, has a heart-to-heart beauty gossip with Carolyn Earle in her dressing-room at The Theatre Royal, Sydney.

BEAUTY: on stage and off

• I've just had a comfortable "beauty gossip" with Madge Elliott in her dressing-room at the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

SINCE Madge came back to Australia she has been terrifically busy with rehearsals, fittings, social engagements, and so on, and everybody who sees her wonders just how she retains that look of youthful sparkle and freshness.

Australian girls who have admired her for so many years as a star of the stage are in their turn much admired by Madge.

First thing she said to me was that she thought the ordinary girl she sees about the city is most attractive.

She'd been particularly struck by the hair styles and the well-cared-for heads of the great majority.

"Australian girls," she said, "have simply lovely figures—that tall, long-legged look everybody admires so; they remind me very much of American girls."

I was keen to hear first-hand how women in England actually had fared for make-up during the war.

"In England during the war," Miss Elliott told me, "cosmetics were terribly scarce—you might almost say non-existent."

"Of course, the Government considered them a necessity from the point of view of morale, and manufacture was not prohibited, or anything like that, but we finally reached the stage where the fats and oils for making the creams weren't there any more."

"I got an occasional lipstick from friends in America, but such things had to come into the country as an absolute gift on which one paid duty."

"You couldn't write to your friends asking for any make-up."

"I did once," she added, "before I understood it was taboo, and I got my letter back, opened and censored, and stamped all over in large print."

"I was quite stunned, and felt like a criminal."

"I meant to keep that letter as a memento, but somehow I didn't."

"Grease-paint for the stage had to be secured through the Actors' Equity Association in London. You put your name down with them and received your quota."

"The oddest-looking concoctions called—strictly by courtesy—cold cream or face cream occasionally appeared. What went into the making I never could imagine, and I certainly didn't care to try them."

All the while I'd been admiring

Miss Elliott's lovely fair skin, and asked whether she did anything specially to keep it so.

"No," she said promptly, "not really—I inherited it—my mother has a wonderful skin."

So—face up to it, girls—the secret of a flawless skin seems to be in selecting the right parent.

For the daytime Miss Elliott favors a light make-up—some rouge, powder, lipstick, a bit of mascara—no eyeshadow.

And—this is interesting—she never uses any sort of foundation, either cream, liquid, or pancake; merely cold cream plus powder and rouge and lipstick. No lubricating or night creams either. Miss Elliott merely removes her make-up with cold cream, very carefully.

"On stage," Miss Elliott added, "I wear a very heavy grease-paint make-up—friends who've watched me putting it on have been surprised at the heaviness. I do this because I find the brilliant stage lighting burns up so much color."

Ginger Rogers once told me very much the same thing, although she was referring to her make-up for the films.

Ginger wears both a heavy make-up and an exceptionally dark one—for two reasons: the brilliant lighting, and to provide striking contrast with her red-blond mane.

I had just one more question—did Miss Elliott follow any regular exercise routine?

Yes, she did—mostly the stretching, bending variety, guaranteed to keep muscles firm and the entire figure lithe.

One more thing—absolutely the last—I had to know: What was the perfume I could faintly detect? Could it possibly be one of the long-lamented Chanel's? Yes it was.

I became practically misty-eyed in prospect of the day when the precious liquid will again be buyable, and recalled my rather noteworthy performance in travelling across the entire American continent with an insecurely corked bottle of Lelong's "Indiscreet" balanced crazily in my handbag. I would cheerfully have tossed my one and only Dache model through the train window straight into the Grand Canyon rather than have anything happen to it.

Anyway, the time had flown, Miss Elliott had to leave. She took one quick look in the mirror, gathered up her bag and gloves, and swept out in a cloud of Chanel.

I, perforce, followed—in my own particular cloud of Lelong's "Indiscreet."

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IMPORTANCE OF ACCESSORIES . . .

● Accessories give personality to a room by their color, shape, and purpose, and they reveal more than any other furnishing the character of their owner, and should be chosen with special care.

By **NORA S. McDOUGALL**
Graduate of Interior Decoration, New York; Lecturer in Home Decoration for Australian Army Education Service.

A ROOM without personal touches is cold, and lacks human interest. Accessories are the effects that make it livable.

They send our thoughts back to places where we have been, or where we wish to stay, because of this human element. They can tie together, by their depth of color, the whole color scheme as nothing else will.

Lamps, small tables, ornaments, mirrors, pictures, flower arrangements, and even books come under the heading of accessories. So it is well to know as much as possible about these important items of decoration.

Table lamps play a big part, not only by giving efficient light, but by being either beautiful or amusing in color or shape, depending on the effect required.

Many a good effect is spoiled by a lamp, including the shade, being too small.

A table lamp should give comfortable seeing within a 24-inch radius of the base.

A squat, tightly shaded lamp has a relatively small useful light circle. And, what's more, there is always the possibility of looking down on the naked globe.

Small tables on which lamps are placed also have a relationship with each other. If the table is too small, then the lamp looks out of place and it is impossible to make an attractive grouping.

The table should be chosen in harmony with the rest of the furniture in the room.

Ornaments include ash-trays, cigarette-boxes, pottery, porcelain pieces, and flower-vases. No more than three articles should be used on a small table at once, their sizes ranging from large, medium, to small, and their shapes in contrast to each other.

Just because you have travelled the world and brought back memories from every land does not say they will improve the looks of your room.

USE DISCRETION

YES, they may give interest, but use them with discretion. Choose the things that will "do something" for your room; give a desired accent to the color scheme; or, by the beauty of their shape, make an unusual decorative group.

Mirrors are accessories that step into the breach when everything else has failed. Mirrors may be framed or unframed, hung on the wall, or screwed to it.

Placed between windows they lighten the darkest wall and give back the best reflection.

Small mirrors, heavily framed, became popular at



FLOWERS cleverly placed on a small table give correct note in contrast to severe lines of armchair, showing vital use of accessories in decor.

the beginning of the 17th century, and so they can be used with every type of room and furniture, whether period or modern.

The smallest room can be made to look larger. They make a perfect background for a lovely piece of sculpture or flower arrangement.

Pictures bring many things to a room: color, interest from the subject matter, and rest or change to the eye and mind. They help build up a balance to furniture for opposing walls, by their size or grouping.

CHOOSE WITH CARE

TOO many pictures are as bad as none at all, but when choosing a picture make sure it interests you enough to live with it for a long time.

Of course, pictures, like ornaments, are all the better for being changed from time to time, when new beauties will be found on their reappearance.

Personal photographs are better kept in bedrooms, on dressing-tables or desks, but never on walls.

The Victorian idea of portrait albums is an excellent way of keeping memories fresh without embarrassment to anyone.

Flower arrangements give you the opportunity of developing your artistic abilities. It is a daily practical exercise in the blending of color, harmony of forms—or contrasts—scale and placing of the flowers at the best vantage points.

Cushions add a feeling of comfort to the room. They may be the same color and material as the furnishings, or in direct contrast depending on the effect necessary to the decorative scheme.

Books bring the whole room to life, for they tell us of the personal interest and thoughts of the owner. Their bright wrappers or formal leather bindings set the spirit of the room and give it an atmosphere of personality.

SAFEGUARDS DURING EPIDEMICS

- It is necessary under present-day crowded living conditions to take even more than the usual precautions against germs.

EVERY mother wants to be on her guard when any infectious disease is having a widespread incidence, especially when she has school-going children.

The following suggestions may be helpful.

Build up good resistance by giving an abundance of the protective foods—milk, eggs, butter, fresh fruits and green vegetables, meat, fish, and natural grain cereals (oatmeal and wheatmeal). Boil all milk.

See that each child has an adequate breakfast before leaving for school. If not watched, some children are so anxious to get off that a proper breakfast is not eaten, and the child gets hungry during the morning.

Encourage the child to establish the habit of proper elimination each morning.

Pack a well-balanced lunchbox or make sure that your child can procure a healthful lunch and not buy poor food at any nearby tuckshop.

See that out-of-school hours are spent in the sunshine and fresh air.

Do not let children go to crowded picture-theatres

and do not allow late sitting-up at homework, but get them early to bed. Restful sleep builds good resistance.

Do not travel with babies or toddlers during peak transport hours in crowded buses and trams.

Watch for any signs of approaching illness—a temperature, even if only slight, unusual drowsiness, headache, pains in back, or for any rash or other symptom.

Put the child to bed at once and contact your doctor, in the meantime giving an aperient and only allowing the child fluids or a light diet until you get the advice of the doctor.

Remember that prompt, early treatment often means only a slight attack or what might otherwise become a serious illness.

Be sure to immunise against diphtheria and whooping cough before or at the age of one year.

A leaflet describing the warning signs of some of the infectious fevers can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope in sent to above address.

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**

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"Starlight" Evening Jacket an exclusive Lux model



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Don't risk ruining woollies by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

Lux care keeps woollies fresh and shapely year after year.

*** Free KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS**
Would you like to knit this attractive jacket "STARLIGHT" yourself? Free instructions will gladly be sent in just 30 seconds. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and put it in a stamped addressed envelope. Post application to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney. WW

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INDIGESTION GONE

... YOU could eat this

You must eat, and there's no reason why every meal should not be a pleasure. But if you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, pain or discomfort ... if the food you like best hurts most, and if the things you do eat still make you suffer ... no wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that life is a burden. But you can get relief—not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective remedy neutralizes excess stomach acidity so quickly that even the first dose gives relief. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does MORE. It soothes and protects the inflamed lining of your stomach, so that your next meal will not further distress an already over-burdened digestion. Your stomach—soothed, sweetened and protected by De Witt's Antacid Powder—will be far better able to cope with what you eat. You will have proof of it—the one kind of proof you want—relief from



the pain and discomfort of indigestion.

So if the food you fancy is the food you are afraid of ... if from time to time, you are troubled by temporary digestive upsets, try De Witt's Antacid Powder. It has relieved others. It will surely relieve you. Get the large canister from your chemist to-day!

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, prices 2/6 and 4/6.

Neutralizes acid. Soothes the stomach. Relieves pain.





● Try serving one-course meals now and again . . . you can make the one hot dish savory, satisfying, and good to look at.

By the Food and Cookery Experts
to The Australian Women's Weekly

KEEP food costs under control, cut down time and effort spent in preparation, meal serving, and dish washing.

Casseroles are just right for that one-hot-dish dinner . . . the type of meal that means brief kitchen time for you, appetite satisfaction for your family, and fewer after-dinner chores for everybody.

If the main dish is hearty, vegetables well cooked and plentiful, sweets may be cut out . . . serve biscuits and cheese and fresh fruit instead.

With the oven in use for the casserole, try cooking the vegetables in the oven, too.

Greens and roots cook very successfully in covered casseroles.

Scrub roots well, if necessary scrape thinly. Slice, barely cover with salted water, place lid on casserole, and allow 1 to 1½ hours to cook.

Leafy greens should be shredded, others prepared as for boiling. Place in covered casserole with about 1½ cups salted water. Allow 1 to 1½ hours according to type.

Little draining is required for oven-cooked greens—color and flavor are good.

Here are four simple menus for easy-to-prepare one-course dinners:

MENU 1
Browned Beef Casserole
Mexican Potato Puffs
Carrot Straws
Biscuits and Cheese
Fruit Coffee
[See picture this page.]

BROWNED BEEF CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds beef steak (round, chuck, or flank), 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, pinch of herbs, 1 sliced onion, 1 cup diced celery, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 tomatoes, fried bread rings.

Trim steak, cut into service-sized pieces. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove, place in casserole. Stir flour into fat, allow to brown. Add water, sauces, vinegar, brown sugar, herbs, salt, pepper. Stir until boiling. Pour over meat in casserole. Cover and cook gently in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 2 to 2½ hours. Add onion and celery half way through cooking time. Serve hot, garnished with tomato wedges and fried bread rings. Serves four to six.

MEXICAN POTATO PUFFS

Four medium-sized potatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled capsicum. Scrub potatoes well, bake whole in skins. Split in halves when soft,

scoop out pulp, mash. Cream well with butter, milk, salt and pepper. Fold in chopped capsicum. Spoon into potato cases, reheat in oven. Dust with paprika or chopped parsley before serving. Allow 1 potato (2 puffs) for each person.

OVEN-COOKED CARROT STRAWS

Four carrots, 1 sliced onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, water to cover.

Scrape carrots thinly. If young, scrub well and leave unscrubbed. Cut into straw lengthwise. Place in casserole with water, salt, sugar, onion. Cover and cook with oven dinner, allowing 40 to 45 minutes' cooking time.

MENU 2
Rabbit Hot-Pot
Cheesed Choko Slices
Carrot Rings
Jacket Potatoes
Scones and Apple Jelly
Coffee

RABBIT HOT-POT

One rabbit, 1½ lb. lean bacon, 1 piece celery, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon

salt, pepper, 1 pint water or stock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Remove tall joint, soak rabbit 1 hour in salted water. Dry, cut into joints. Coat with seasoned flour, fry lightly in hot fat. Remove rabbit, add flour and brown. Stir in liquid, bring to boil, add chopped bacon, diced vegetables. Turn into casserole, cover, and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving. For four to six.

CHEESED CHOKO SLICES

Four chokoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Peel chokoes thinly, cook whole in salted water in covered casserole until tender—45 minutes to 1 hour according to size. Drain. Slice thickly, sprinkle with grated cheese, place under hot grill for 5 minutes before serving.

MENU 3
Scottish Casserole of Lamb
Hot Potato Salad
Shredded Cabbage
Baked Tomato Halves
Celery-Salted Crackers
Coffee

SCOTTISH CASSEROLE OF LAMB

One and a half pounds scrag and neck of lamb (or mutton), 1 onion, 1 cooking apple, 1 small swede turnip, 1 carrot, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 pint water or stock.

Cut meat into neat pieces, remove fat. Fry lightly in hot fat. Fry onion, add flour, brown lightly. Stir in water, salt, pepper. Bring to boil, add meat, turn into casserole. Cover tightly, cook 1 hour in moderate oven. Add diced carrot, turnip, onion, apple, rolled oats. Cook a further 1½ hours. Sprinkle with parsley before serving. For four to six.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Two cups cooked cubed potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled green pepper (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon bacon fat.

Continued on page 35

HERE'S a simple dinner for your busy day—a dinner that cooks itself—or almost!





Calling all beauties—

Women . . . among them famous models and stage and screen stars . . . were first to discover that Listerine Tooth Paste brings unusual whiteness and beauty to teeth. They regard it as the last word in refreshing, safe and effective cleansing. Try it and you, too, will call it your "beauty bath for teeth."

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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In Middle Age Kidneys Often Need This Help

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, it is frequent and poor kidney action is experienced. Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons out of the blood. They keep most people comfortable about 3 plus a day. An excess of acids or poisonous matter in our blood, when due to functional kidney weakness, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling and puffiness under the eyes, headache and dizziness. Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's are a special medicine for the kidneys and will help the 11 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisons, wastes from the blood. Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

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THE SECRET of making rich, flavorful, succulent and casseroles lies in browning the meat first, so says Ruth Hussey, of MGM. She flours the meat and uses a heavy open pan to brown it.

HERE'S AN IDEA for the lunch-box: meat or vegetable pasties, plump with filling, and a firm tomato for each member of the family. Add a thermos of hot soup on cold days.



Rich varied flavors

• Good home-tested recipes once more carry off cash prizes in our weekly contest.

HERE'S a rich flavor to the grapefruit and pineapple marmalade. Mrs. Maskell, who entered the recipe, assures us it is a best seller on her Red Cross stall.

GRAPEFRUIT PINEAPPLE JAM
Three grapefruit, 3 lemons, 1 lb. shredded pineapple, 4 pints water, 5 lb. sugar.

Remove rind from grapefruit and lemons. Shred finely (using only half a grapefruit rind), place in pan with water, stand overnight. The lemon and grapefruit pulp in clean muslin, add to pan and boil gently until rind is tender. Add pineapple, boil until it softens. Add warmed sugar and cook quickly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Allow to cool slightly before bottling into hot, dry jars. This prevents shreds rising to top.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Maskell, East Devonport, Tas.

EGGLESS APPLE CAKE
One cup sugar, 1 cup margarine, 1 1/2 cups warm drained stewed apple.

2 small teaspoons carb. soda, 1 teaspoon each spice, cinnamon, nutmeg, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 cup chopped walnuts (may be omitted), 1 cup sultanas, 2 cups plain flour.

Cream margarine and sugar, add apple pulp in which carb. soda has been dissolved, sultanas, and walnuts (if used). Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Turn into greased 7 in. square tin, bake in a moderate oven, 35 deg. F., 50 minutes to 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Fennell, Market St., Balranald, N.S.W.

CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE PUFFS

One cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, scant 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup shredded pineapple (well drained).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add sugar. Add grated cheese, stir in beaten egg and milk. Lastly, fold in shredded pineapple. Drop spoonfuls in hot fat, fry golden.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Smyth, Bairnsdale, Vic.

Design for dinner Continued from page 34

PLACE potatoes, green pepper, onion in greased ovenware dish. Melt bacon fat, add mustard, salt, sugar, vinegar. Lastly stir in beaten egg. Pour over potato mixture, reheat in moderate oven. Sprinkle with chopped mint before serving. For four to six.

CELERY-SALTED CRACKERS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon celery salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons finely chopped, cooked celery, 1 egg. Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in shortening, add celery, onion. Mix to dry dough with beaten egg. Roll thinly, cut into squares, rounds, or finger-lengths. Brush with milk, place on flat greased tray. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) 7 to 10 minutes until crisp and light brown. Allow to cool on tray.

MENU 4
Hot-dog Casserole
Spinach
Tomato and Onion Savory
Fruit
Coffee

HOT-DOG CASSEROLE

Four medium potatoes, 3 carrots, 3 onions, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 1/2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 frankfurts, 2 tablespoons flour, 1oz. scotch dough.

Skin frankfurts, slice thickly, place in casserole. Prepare vegetables, cut into cubes. Blend flour with tomato puree, add water, salt, cubed vegetables. Pour over sliced frankfurts in casserole. Cover, cook in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Roll scotch dough to size of casserole, place on top; bake uncovered 20 to 25 minutes in hot oven (425 deg. F.). Serve hot, cut in thick wedges. For four to six.

TOMATO AND ONION SAVORY

Two cups chopped tomato, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs.

Simmer tomatoes, onion, salt, butter, sugar in small covered casserole until onion is soft. Stir in bread crumbs, top with extra bread crumbs, and leave uncovered in moderate oven for a further 15 minutes.



"Cobb's Coach Leaves..."

IN the early days of Victoria's gold rush, the tremendous demand for "fast" passenger transport to the goldfields led four American migrants by the names of Freeman Cobb, James Swanton, John Peck and John Lamber to establish in 1854 the legendary coaching firm of "Cobb & Co." A picture familiar to many Australians is one which depicts the great coach "Leviathan" with its famous driver "Cabbage Tree Ned" on the box seat, leaving the Black Bull Hotel, Geelong.

At a welcome to old drivers in 1923, the Chairman of the Ballarat Historical Society paid this tribute:

"Our highways have followed the wheeltracks of the coaches, guided by you through days and nights, in fine weather and through storms. You faced the vicissitudes of the roads with fortitude and in the same spirit with which the pioneers set to work to settle this new continent. The year 1854 also saw the establishment by Thos. Swallow of the famous firm of Swallow & Ariell, whose products were sent to the goldfields as also tendering bullock waggons which followed in the wake of the fast-moving Cobb & Co. Coaches."

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"First Aid" for Winter Coughs and Colds

Few escape winter coughs and colds. But we CAN shorten the period of infection and lessen the distressing effects. The important thing is to treat cold symptoms promptly... with sensible precautions... and dependable medicines. At the first sign of a cough or cold ask your chemist to tell you about Nyal Winter Medicines. Nyal Bronchitis Mixture, Nyal Iodised Throat Tablets, Nyal Nasal Drops and a number of other Nyal products, are specially formulated for the dependable treatment of simple, winter ailments.

Nyal Family Medicines are *not* intended to replace your doctor. They are designed for the treatment of ordinary, everyday ailments. The formula of each Nyal Medicine is clearly printed on the package. This enables your chemist to recommend Nyal Medicines with confidence because he knows what each one contains and what it is intended to do. For treating that winter cough or cold... ask your chemist to suggest the appropriate Nyal Family Medicine.

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Syrup . . . Nyal Figen, are just a few
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